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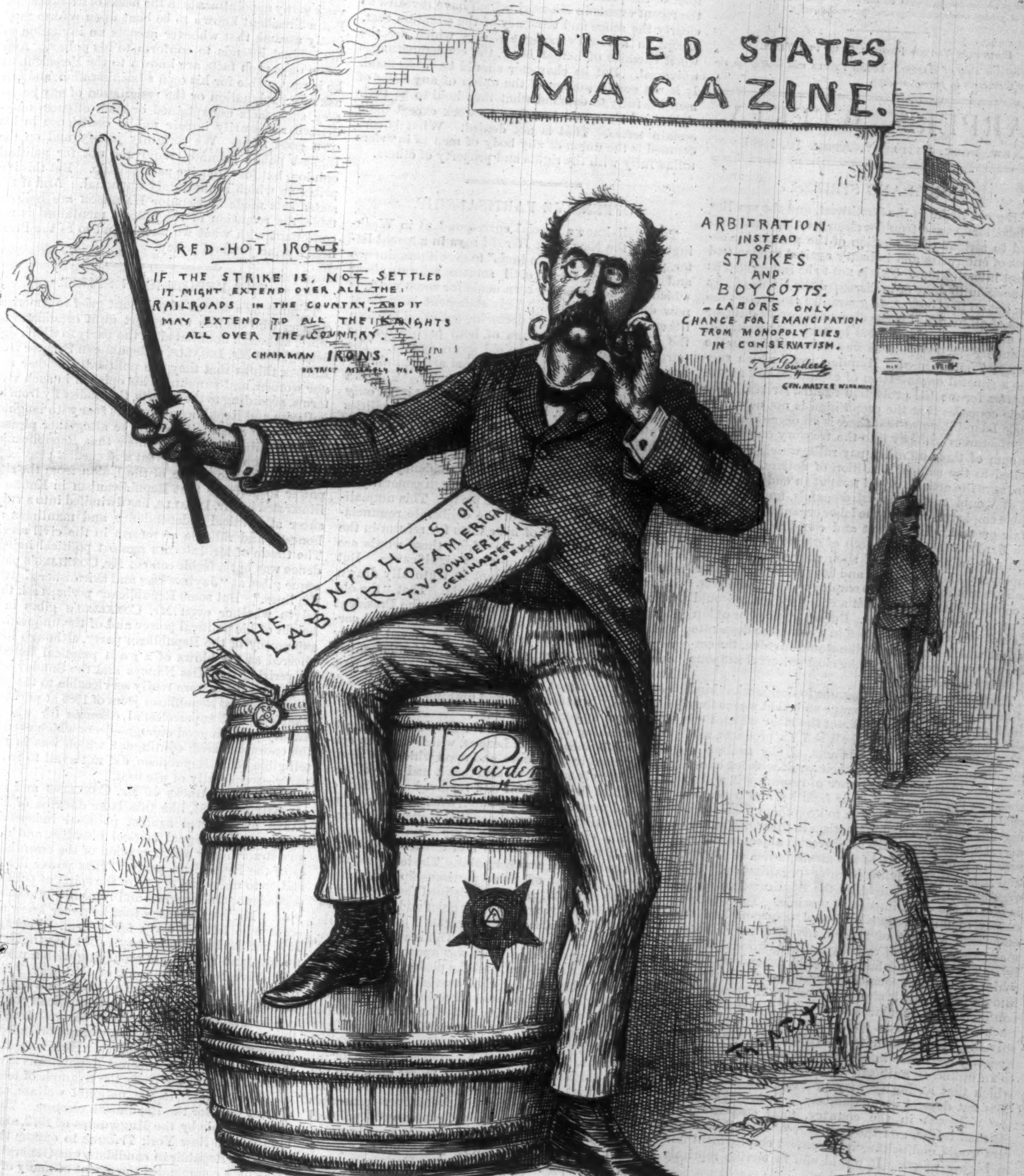
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.
RED-HOT IRONS
IF THE STRIKE IS, NOT SETTLED IT MIGHT EXTEND OVER ALL THE RAILROADS IN THE COUNTRY, AND IT MAY EXTEND TO ALL THE KNIGHTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.
CHAIRMAN IRONS.
DISTRICT ASSEMBLY NO. 101
ARBITRATION INSTEAD OF STRIKES AND BOYCOTTS. — LABORS ONLY CHANCE FOR EMANCIPATION FROM MONOPOLY LIES IN CONSERVATISM.
T. V. Powderly
GEN. MASTER WORKMAN
THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR OF AMERICA
T. V. POWDERLY
GEN. MASTER WORKMAN
Powder
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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1886.

RIGHTS AND STRIKES.

THE great strike in the Southwest, and the smaller labor strikes and troubles elsewhere, have naturally led to serious consideration of the practicable defences of enterprise and industry against sudden and violent interruptions. This is not to be interpreted as a disposition to deny or to disregard the rights of any man, but on the contrary to guarantee and protect the rights of all men. It is the direct employers of labor who are immediately affected by such interruptions, and among the propositions we observe a letter to the Chicago *Times*, signed "Manufacturer," which suggests a general organization of capitalists and manufacturers for mutual protection against strikes. The article concedes that the proposition is not new. In Rhode Island it states that there is an organization of manufacturers who pay into the treasury one-fifth of the sum of their monthly pay-rolls, which has now swelled to the sum of a million of dollars. Such a plan, says the article, would not put an end to strikes, but it would curtail unjust demands, and it would enable employers to meet the labor organizations upon a fair ground. Intelligent and cool-headed leaders like Mr. POWDERLY have seen of course from the beginning the possibility of such movements among employers. United action and boycotting and all for each are methods as open to employers as to employés. A combined lock-out against a combined strike would be an indescribable disaster. But no employé or union of employés will suppose that, in a contest so desperate as that which a general strike would involve, the employers would not resort to the most powerful weapons at their command.

The unions of employés assume to decide what kind of labor employers shall engage and what wages they shall pay, how they shall direct the labor which they hire, and to whom they shall sell its products, and all other details of the business. They assume to command laborers to leave their work without knowing why, to forfeit the chance of resuming it, and to abandon the support of their families, and trust to a committee or an association to keep them from starving. There is no such despotism in the world as such a system, and there are no slaves so abject as such a scheme produces. It is the annihilation of liberty, and naturally it invites counter-organization. The question which is raised by the Southwestern strike is one of the most important possible. The vital necessity of uninterrupted railroad transport and the enormous amount of money invested in railroads make a suspension of railway traffic a national calamity. That such a calamity should depend upon the whim of an irresponsible body of men wholly unknown to the law is simply anarchy. It is the end of confidence, of regular industry, of regard for law. Such a situation must end, unless society is to be dissolved. Honest men who live by wages, and who honestly acquiesce in this system of blind obedience to an unknown authority, can see that in the contest which that authority may provoke the final result does not depend upon numbers. Destruction of all the railroads in the country, total suspension of railroad traffic, and the massacre of all railroad officers would end neither in increased employment nor in higher wages. It would end in terrific reprisals and in a common catastrophe.

The Knights of Labor sometimes boycott a newspaper. But if the newspaper interest in all its branches should retort by boycotting every workman in any branch of its employment, paper-making, ink-making, machine-making, printing, refusing absolutely to employ any man in any branch who had any connection with the Knights of Labor, who would suffer most? Riots would not remedy the situation for the boycotted workmen. Destruction of property would merely confirm the lock-out, exasperate passions, and postpone peace. The moral judgment of the community would pronounce against the instigators of the trouble, as it has pronounced against the Southwestern strike. These tremendous reprisals are resources to which employers have not yet generally turned. But the demands of the Knights of Labor to supersede lawful government, to dictate to every man what he shall do with his own, to permit all great enterprises and industries to be prosecuted only as they shall choose, will not be tolerated in a free country and by a free people. There is no excuse for such attempted tyranny in this country, where Knights of Labor are voters and can influence legislation, and where there is no public sympathy for corporations and great associations of organized capital, but the strongest disposition to favor labor and the laboring man. Nothing has shown this more plainly than the friendly tone of the press toward the Knights of Labor until the recent events in Missouri, which have revealed so clearly the scope and tendency of the situation that, except in a few demagogue sheets, which are the worst enemies of honest labor, the condemnation is universal. But its character should be understood. It is not condemnation of the union of any body of men lawfully to demand what they hold to be their rights and dues, and to refuse to work except upon certain terms. That is not denied. What is condemned is the union of any body of men to interfere unlawfully with the rights and property of others.

OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP.

THE well-known special correspondent in Washington of the New York *Herald* says in a recent letter, published in "double leads" to give it prominence and importance, that "civil service reform, about which so much fuss has been made for some years, is now dead and buried." This statement is made at the end of a letter plainly declaring collusion between the President and Senators of both parties for the purpose of carrying out the old spoils system. The letter is accompanied by an editorial article indirectly charging the President with hypocrisy. This is a serious attack. The special correspondent is not only a sagacious observer, but he enjoys peculiar facilities for information in regard to all political subjects in Washington. He is, moreover, above suspicion of personal or improper motives. The *Herald* warmly supported Mr. CLEVELAND for the Presidency, and although not a partisan paper, it has been generally in sympathy with the Democratic party. This unqualified statement, therefore, of the deliberate renunciation by the President of his efforts for reform in the civil service, in the sense in which these words are generally understood, is of great significance. But it is a conclusion which cannot be truthfully drawn from a few facts or disappointments. That "the old bargain and dicker for office between the President and the Senate will go on again," as the special correspondent says, will not be easily believed by any one who has watched closely the President's course. But that a great many unpleasant things have happened which might extort an impatient expression of incredulity is undeniable, and nothing is to be gained for reform by concealing them.

In speaking last week of the President's letter to the Civil Service Reform League, which has been constantly cited in the Senate, and upon which the recent debate largely turned, we said that it had not yet been shown that the President had removed any officer of the kind mentioned in the letter, solely because of political opinion. But we stated that if such an instance should be established it would prove unquestionably a violation of the principle laid down in the letter. There is, however, another point. The letter substantially stated that offensive partisanship would be a cause for removal, and it also defined the meaning of the phrase by saying that "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service." This is a perfectly simple and clear statement. It was approved cordially by all friends of reform, and the pledge which it contains, as understood by civil service reformers, was distinctly stated at the annual meeting of the National League, to whose executive committee the President's letter was addressed. At that meeting the president of the League said, with the unanimous approval of the League, "To remove a Republican officer for offensive partisanship is to give a moral pledge to the country that a Democratic successor would be removed for the same cause." Whatever transcends "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of political rights" in the case of a Republican is equally offensive in that of a Democrat, and therefore an equally good reason for removal. Senator HARRISON, of Indiana, in his speech upon the EDMUNDS resolutions, states a case as within his knowledge, but which he frankly says may not be known to the President, as follows:

> "There was held the other day, in the city of Fort Wayne, in the Twelfth Congressional District of Indiana, a meeting of the Democratic Congressional Committee. Let me show you who were on it: C. A. ZOLLINGER, of Indianapolis, the pension agent, was a chairman of the committee; WILLIAM KARUGH, postmaster at Fort Wayne, met with the committee as a member; ELI W. BROWN, postmaster at Columbia City, met with the committee as a member; and HERMAN FREYGANG, postmaster at Angela, also met with this Democratic committee as a member."

This active participation in party politics, under the President's interpretation—and as we think a correct interpretation—is offensive partisanship. It is one of the worst abuses—namely, the control of primary partisan politics by office-holders paid from the public treasury—which reform proposes effectually to abolish. It is very much more than "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of political rights." And if this has occurred at one place in Indiana, it has doubtless occurred in many places there and elsewhere. The people of Indiana and of the country are entitled to know who advised the appointment of these officers and the removal of their predecessors, and we regret to say that the President and the Senate unite in refusing the information. The President may not have known the facts. The law, under the Constitution, vests many appointments in the heads of departments. But a President known to be bent upon reform may justly assume that whoever accepts an invitation to his cabinet intends to conform to his policy. And when once such facts are known to the President, as he is responsible for his own administration, and can ask any explanation or the resignation of any Secretary, such facts unexplained or such offences unredressed necessarily impair public confidence in his own good faith. We certainly justify, and on the highest public grounds, removals, not for political opinion, but for offensive partisanship. But this is a principle which is absolutely impartial. And if the statements made by Senator HARRISON are indisputable, the retention of the officers mentioned is not consonant with what we understand to be the President's principles and policy.

THE REPUBLICAN SPIRIT.

IT must be a source of poignant grief to American citizens who decline to support unfit candidates for office, although nominated by the party to which they belong, that Mr. INGALLS, a Republican Senator from Kansas, thinks that they are politically neither men nor women, and announces his opinion in such vivid terms, according to the reports, that ladies fly from the galleries and Republican Senators roar with laughter. On the other hand, it cannot be altogether pleasant for Republicans who remember that Republicanism in Kansas once meant a great and earnest conflict for freedom and the rescue of the Union from the slave power to perceive that Republicanism in Kansas, as illustrated by Mr. INGALLS, has dwindled into a vulgar sneer at political independence and manliness and honesty, and ridicule of reform in the civil service. The tirade of Mr. INGALLS against political independence was but a feeble echo of Mr. CONKLING'S picturesque gibes at "Jayhawkers and skirmishers between the lines." But some Republicans perhaps ask themselves whether even Mr. CONKLING'S gibes in the height of his political power and of the unquestioned supremacy of the Republican party, although loudly cheered as the blows of a great practical statesman pulverizing the Miss Nancys and the Sunday-school prigs of politics, were really serviceable to the party, or whether the Republican jeers of 1884 at purists and Pharisees and supercelestial essences for whom no earthly party is good enough—jeers which even with the enormous Irish contingent, which was in no intelligible sense Republican, did not avail to save the party—were really of use to it.

The earlier attacks of Mr. CONKLING and of the campaign of 1884, like this later diatribe of Mr. INGALLS, all directed against political independence, were certainly signal tactical blunders, and showed an extraordinary misconception of the essential power of the Republican party. That power lies in the ability to unite and organize the spirit of political independence and progress and reform, and combine its vote. Mr. INGALLS says that he never knew a Democrat who left his party for reform. Perhaps not. It is not the Democratic way. But it is the Republican way, and no stress of scourging with a party whip will drive Republicans out of that way. No man can be in any proper sense a Republican leader until he comprehends this fact. A Republican convention can be dragooned, but not the party. Mr. INGALLS himself admits that the Mugwumps, or Independent Republicans, defeated the party. He is correct. Some of the strongest and sincerest Republicans saw in the events of 1884 in the party the triumph of tendencies which were fatal to the national welfare, and they did not vote for the Republican electors. Their plea was that made by the Mugwumps of 1872, and which brought the New York *Tribune* to oppose the party when the Republican candidate was General GRANT, and which commanded the assent of many of the present Republican leaders in the State.

This independent disposition and this courage are essential elements of the Republican party. It is, however, the present policy of Republican leaders to crush them; and if it should continue, the result will show that, like the Democratic party in 1860, the Republican party is yielding to a dry-rot. There is more political manliness, independence, and courage, the essential elements of the Republican spirit, in any dozen of the Republicans at whom Mr. INGALLS sneers as eunuchs, than in a hundred who wear meekly the party ball and chain and vote by order. If ever the Republican party return to power, it will not be done by ridiculing reform, and by solemnly resolving to vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated, but by recovering the ancient Republican respect for political liberty and independence.

POSTAL SAVINGS-BANKS.

THERE are about $450,000,000 of savings in the savings-banks of New York, and from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars are deposited annually. In the city of New York during less than seven years twenty-two savings-banks failed, and 76,834 depositors from among the poorest people lost $4,475,061. During the two years that Mr. FAIRCHILD was Attorney-General of the State he was officially obliged to put into bankruptcy institutions representing about $4,000,000 of savings, and he says that the State laws were unable to help the depositors, who had absolutely nothing to depend upon but the good faith of the managers. These facts show what an uncertain reliance for the very poor even these excellent institutions are. But there is another important fact, and that is the unequal distribution of savings-banks, so that in some parts of the country where they would be of the greatest service they do not exist.

In his report for 1880 Comptroller KNOX said that in New England there were 422 such banks, and in the Middle States 181. But in the Western States and Territories there were but 50, and in the Southern States only 5. The Committee on the Post-office reported to the House of Representatives in 1882 that in the dense population of New England there is a savings-bank to every 9436 persons; but in the other thirty-two States the average is but one bank to every 225,000 persons. To supply the people of these States as New England is supplied would require nearly five thousand banks more. This situation, and the great desirability of furnishing both a convenient and a secure place of deposit for the savings of the poorest persons, have led to the suggestion of government or postal savings-banks. In England the plan was proposed eighty years ago. But it was stoutly and successfully resisted for fifty-four years, until in 1861 three hundred postal banks were opened in England for business. At the close of the first year there were 2535 post-offices engaged in savings-bank business, and the amount of deposits was $8,270,336 27, and at the close of the year 1880 the amount was $164,336,382 19. The post-office pays two and a half per cent. interest on deposits.

The feasibility and value of the system have been so fully demonstrated in England, and its convenience and desirability here are so clear, that the committee recommended the passage of a carefully prepared bill establishing such banks, to pay interest at two per cent., to be paid from the investment in United States bonds or bonds guaranteed by the United States. The interest should be low, so as to promote withdrawal of proper sums to be invested elsewhere. When, in the course of paying off the national obligations, interest could be paid no longer, there would remain absolute security for the depositor. It is not a scheme to supersede private savings-banks. On the contrary, in England the private banks held on deposit in 1876 about $10,000,000 more than in the year before the opening of the postal banks. The scheme conflicts with private banks only as the postal carriage of merchandise conflicts with the express companies. Both have plenty of business. The postal banks have been urgently recommended by Postmasters-General and committees of Congress, and it is understood that the present committee is favorably inclined to the bill. The system is so convenient and excellent that its friends will not be disheartened by any disappointment, and the plan will be pushed until its usefulness secures its adoption.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

THE first great step in securing the American shore at Niagara Falls as a public park was so successful and satisfactory that it is the earnest not only of success, but of sagacity in the preparation of the ground for its purpose. The secret of the success in the preliminary work was twofold—a thorough organization of the friends of the reservation, with a careful personal canvass of the State by Mr. J. B. HARRISON, the efficient secretary, and confidence in the character and intelligence of the Commissioners, which were the guarantee against jobbery of every kind and of perfect good faith.

The Commission still remains, and the work before it now is of the highest importance. But it is not a work which requires haste. On the contrary, it demands deliberation and care. The first thing of all is a general plan of treatment for the reservation, and this requires merely the study and judgment of a master of landscape art. It was constantly stated—and the statement was one of the persuasive arguments for the bill—that after the removal of the disfigurements which encumber the grounds the grounds themselves would be left substantially in a simple, natural condition of turf and walks and trees. It was understood, certainly, that no new disfigurements would be introduced.

There is no present need of the expenditure of much money. The necessary survey of the grounds should be intrusted to a man of acknowledged ability, and of experience and standing in the treatment of great domains and laying out of parks, and his report and design should precede all other work of construction. This is so obvious that we cannot doubt that it will be the decision of the Commission, and the appropriations which it is understood to have asked of the Legislature are therefore not easily apprehended. Provision for elevators and drives can be intelligently made only when some general scheme has been adopted, and we have not heard that such a scheme has been prepared. In any case, no grant should be made by the Legislature until the general design of treatment is known.

A BOOMERANG.

SENATOR EDMUNDS's opinion of Mr. BLAINE is so well known, and represents so serious a difference in the Republican party, that the attention which is now called to it can hardly be intended to serve the interest of the party. Mr. EDMUNDS did not take an active part in the campaign of 1884, but he did express his strong conviction of the necessity of retaining Republican ascendency, and he voted for Mr. BLAINE. Of Mr. EDMUNDS's Republicanism, tried by any reasonable party standard, there is no more doubt than of Mr. BLAINE's. But it is known that he does not admire Mr. BLAINE.

Now the present attack upon Mr. EDMUNDS implies that the true test of Republicanism is admiration of Mr. BLAINE. Is that a judicious test to apply? Or is the test satisfied if a Republican who does not admire Mr. BLAINE takes the stump for him, and exposes himself and the party to the inquiry why he does not admire him? The Rochester *Democrat* says that it was a grave mistake for Mr. EDMUNDS to be lukewarm toward Mr. BLAINE, because Mr. EDMUNDS had been a candidate for the nomination. But if a man thinks that his party has nominated an unfit candidate, does the *Democrat* think it a grave mistake for him not to say that he thinks him a fit candidate? Mr. EDMUNDS's opinion of Mr. BLAINE, formed upon long and intimate observation of his public life, was not changed by the nomination. To say that he might have spoken for the party is to forget that, under the circumstances of the campaign, to have spoken for the party without personally commending the candidate could have been interpreted in but one way—and it would have been more disastrous for Mr. BLAINE than the course actually pursued.

The simple question for every sensible Republican which is raised by this attack upon Mr. EDMUNDS is this: If a Republican, upon a survey of all the facts and letters and testimony and papers, is of opinion that, with all his undoubted gifts and personal attractions, Mr. BLAINE is not a man to be supported earnestly for the Presidency, although he is to be voted for if nominated, does such a man cease to be a Republican? If he does, the attack is an attempt to put Mr. EDMUNDS out of the party. But if such a man, who although voting for the candidate cannot praise him, does not cease to be a Republican, what is gained for the party by thrusting persistently upon public attention the unquestionable fact that one of the strongest and most trusted and most spotless of Republican leaders does not admire another? Would it help Mr. BLAINE, should he be nominated again, that his friends had persuaded the country that Mr. EDMUNDS thought him unfit for the Presidency?

THE PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

LONGFELLOW's charming plea in the "Birds of Killingworth" is not without its effect; at least it is a delightful reënforcement to the movement to protect the birds against the murderous hand of fashion. The barbarity of personal adornment by ear-rings is now generally left to the North American Indian, and as he rapidly advances in civilization he will turn it over to the Hottentot and New-Zealander. But the wearing of dead birds as an ornament is a vestige of similar barbarism, against which humanity and civilization now loudly protest.

Mr. HADLEY, the chairman of the Game-laws Committee in the New York Assembly, has introduced a bill which does not shrink from stating its purpose plainly. It is intended "to prohibit women from encouraging the butchering of plumage birds by wearing them on their bonnets." The bill makes it unlawful for five years to kill or to take in any way any song-bird, except only when the tuneful libertines are caught *flagrante delictu* in the very act of destroying fruit. The bill outlaws the poor English sparrow, who is treated as a pirate of the air—the enemy of birds and man.

Already women are stigmatized as of "the dead-bird-wearing sex," and the American Ornithologist's Union is wisely and forcibly raising the alarm to turn out and prohibit the wide-spread and wanton slaughter. Mr. BERGH's appeal for suffering animals has opened a new and beautiful chapter in the history of humane endeavor, and his work has made the relief of the birds more practicable. After BERGH's well-won success, to save the "living blossoms of the air" from being sacrificed to a savage human vanity will not seem to be a sentimental fancy. But let us hope that humanity will begin at home, and that every intelligent woman, now that the question is raised, will refuse to disfigure herself with a dead bird.

THE "LEDGER'S" SEMI-CENTENARY.

THE semi-centenary of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, which was completed a few days since, was fitly celebrated by that paper in issuing a fac-simile of its first number, and by the esteemed contemporaries of the *Ledger* in a general salute of congratulation. This is due not only to the excellence of the journal, but to the universal good-will felt by the press for the proprietor of the *Ledger*, Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, to whom not only its prosperity, but its general character, is so largely attributable. This character consists both in its admirable summary of local news in the community for which it is published, and in its unfailing editorial courtesy. The *Ledger* has opinions, and expresses them plainly, but it takes no part in political controversy. It is agreeable to know that perfect urbanity even in a newspaper is consonant with the greatest success and prosperity, and we of the controversial press may well take a lesson from the well-balanced columns of this well-kept *Ledger*.

PERSONAL.

NOT very long ago college students received no official encouragement to enter into researches concerning theatrical matters. But things have changed somewhat. Mr. BRONSON HOWARD, the leading American dramatist, has been telling the Harvard boys how to write plays, and Mr. HENRY IRVING is expected soon to tell the Oxford boys how to act them, while the Princeton boys have a prosperous dramatic club of their own, which gives public performances with great *éclat*.

—New Bedford, Massachusetts, is associated with considerable artistic talent. BIERSTADT used to study there; W. S. MACY, who is now painting the sea-greens around Bermuda, was born there; and R. SWAIN GIFFORD and WILLIAM SARTAIN have summer studios on Nonquitt Beach, near by. Most of the older inhabitants are Quakers, who have but little respect for an artistic career.

—A stationer in this city professes his ability to tell at once, by how a man looks whether or not he can manage a stylographic pen.

—Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, though said by one of his intimate friends to be not less than sixty-eight years old, would pass for thirty-five in his new comedy, *The Jilt*. His sparkling repartee keeps the house in merriment whenever he is on the stage, although one of his countrymen avers that such expletives as "Be me sowl!" are not always used by Irish gentlemen in drawing-rooms.

—Twenty years ago at Amherst College a Sophomore, who is now a distinguished Western lawyer, introduced a new method of hazing. At midnight, accompanied by ten or twelve of his classmates, he would enter a Freshman's room with a basket of young chimney swallows. When his companions had seated themselves solemnly in a circle, he proceeded to open the baskets and let the swallows fly. The fun then consisted in witnessing the poor Freshman's attempts to catch them, which often lasted until dawn.

—Mr. W. H. BEARD's latest fancy is a court jester dancing in a glen with a golden-haired fairy, in the presence of an attentive rabbit, and a multitude of fairies in the background. The rabbit is supposed to be getting ready to say, "I saw it with my own eyes"—a remark which constitutes the title of the picture.

—Sir HENRY TAYLOR, the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, who died March 28, at the age of eighty-six, was the Nestor of English letters. When the drama that made him famous appeared in 1834 the literary stage was occupied by men of whom all have long passed away except himself and CARLYLE, who was five years older, and died five years earlier. It is noticeable that TAYLOR was one of the very few persons who are mentioned with respect in CARLYLE's *Reminiscences*. Though *Philip Van Artevelde* is still praised, it is now little read, nor is any other of Sir HENRY's voluminous works except his entertaining *Autobiography*, published by HARPER & BROTHER last year. A portrait of Sir HENRY appeared in HARPER'S BAZAR for April 25, 1885.

—The Veteran Firemen's Association has now more than four hundred members, and pays $3200 a year for a handsome four-story club-house, with a brown-stone front, in East Tenth Street, near Fifth Avenue. On the first floor are reception-rooms; on the second, billiard-rooms; on the third, card-rooms; and on the fourth and in the basement, business offices. Many of the members have contributed their old fire-hats, which are arranged in a sort of frieze-work around the billiard-rooms. Backs of engines, trumpets, condenser-cases, and other souvenirs of the Volunteer days adorn the walls, together with portraits of HARRY HOWARD, JAMES F. WENMAN, CORNELIUS ANDERSON, MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, and other noted fire-laddies. There are said to be six thousand survivors of the old Volunteer Fire Department.

—In Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY's recent article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the famous KRUPP iron-works at Essen mention is made of "an engine, apart by itself, strong enough to carry on all the works; it is over fifty feet high, and quite beautiful. It was doing no work when I saw it, but in constant motion, generally quiet, though now and then snorting and revolving its huge wheels swiftly, merely to work off its energy and keep from bursting. Never did I see a more impressive type of restrained and soft force." It is worth noting that the drawings for this remarkable engine were furnished by the American engineer Mr. GEORGE H. CORLISS, of Providence, Rhode Island, the bestowal upon whom by the King of the Belgians of the Order of Leopold was noticed in the last number of the WEEKLY.

—We regret to record the death of Mr. A. N. KELLOGG, whose name for more than twenty years has been associated with the printing of country newspapers on the auxiliary or coöperative plan. More than sixteen hundred country newspapers receive weekly from his offices at Cleveland, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Memphis, and New York what are known as "patent insides," that is, sheets printed on one side and blank on the other. His own experience as a country editor in Wisconsin led to his invention of the method, and ultimately to his acquisition of a large fortune by means of its general use. He was a man of rare business foresight and tact, indomitable will and personal magnetism, a mathematician of unusual powers, and a citizen of blameless life. Not long before his death he delivered to his eldest daughter a manuscript copy of some new and valuable methods of calculus. His name is often recorded at the Patent-office in Washington. After years of ill health, borne with characteristic fortitude, he died peacefully, in the presence of his family, at Thomasville, Georgia, whither he had gone in hope of recruiting his waning strength. His age was fifty-four.

—A valuable and timely pamphlet, sure of a wide circulation, is the *Sun's* reprint of the interesting articles published in its columns on the pictures and porcelains—including the celebrated peach-blow vase—of the late Mrs. MARY JANE MORGAN. This bright little work is really an instructive and trustworthy compendium of modern art criticism, and as such will be a welcome guest in studio and library.

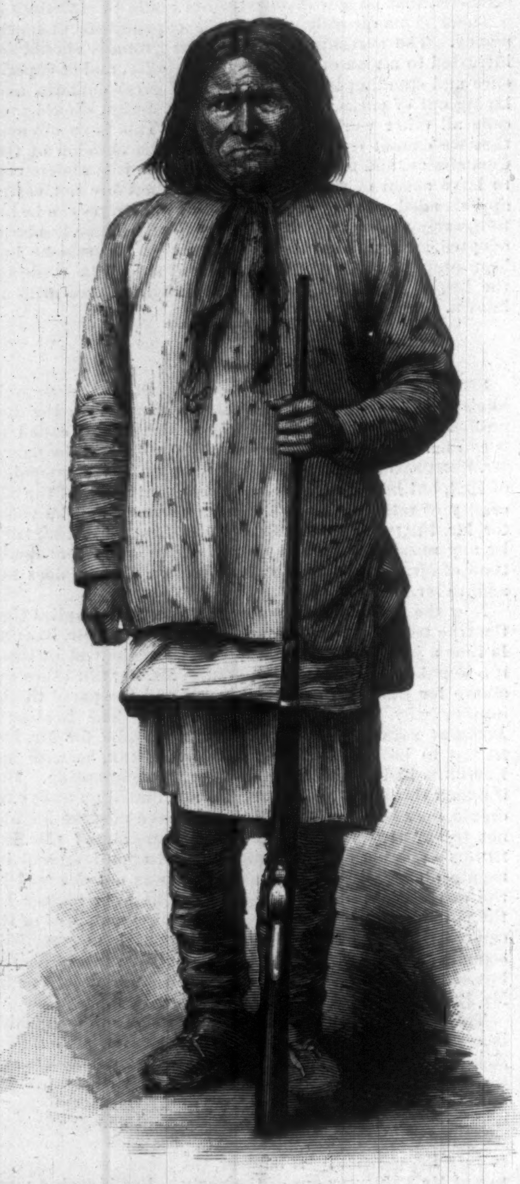
—Not long ago an interesting contribution to the paramount question of the wisest method of adjusting the relations of capital to labor appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE in the form of a story entitled "Back to Back," and describing Mr. WILLIAM WEEDEN's plan of distributing risk and profit. This plan was that the capitalist, the laborers, and the man who manages the business—who sells the goods, obtains the use of the capital, and chooses the laborers—should receive an equal division of the profits. Mr. GEORGE HOLYOAKE, when in this country, pronounced Mr. WEEDEN's plan the most practicable ever unfolded, and reprinted it in his London journal. The present activity of the Knights of Labor and similar organizations has drawn attention afresh to Mr. WEEDEN's ideas, and a great manufacturing firm at Westerly, Rhode Island, has recently been trying his plan with excellent results.

THE CHIRICAHUA APACHE TROUBLES.

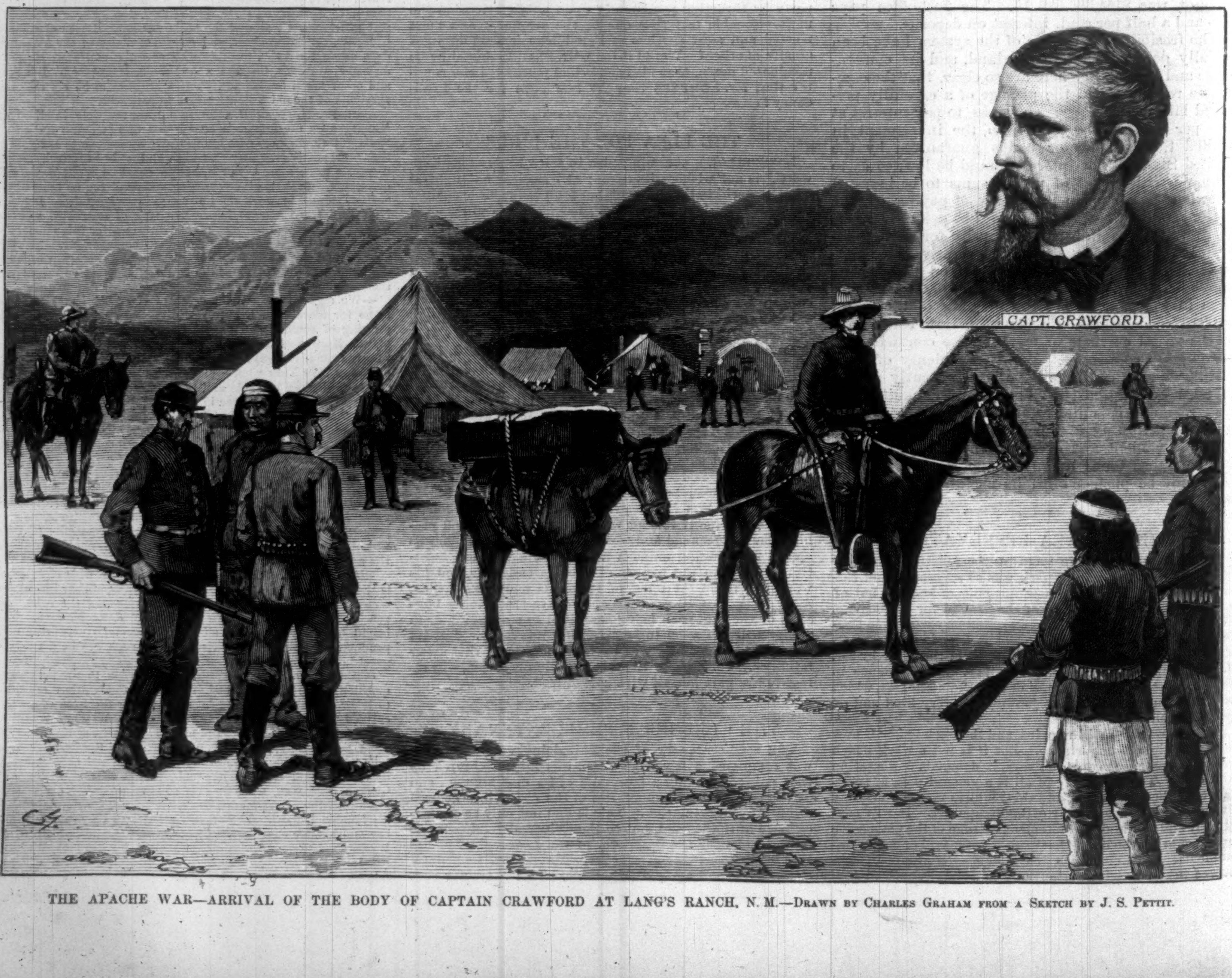
Captain Emmet Crawford, of the Third United States Cavalry, while in pursuit of the renegade Chiricahua Apache Indians, who for nearly a year have been engaged in the commission of a very comprehensive series of crimes, terrorizing the people of New Mexico, Arizona, and Sonora, and successfully eluding both the United States and Mexican troops, was on the 11th of January last shot down by a party of Mexican soldiers, and after lingering for seven days finally died. Reports to the daily press have furnished many different and conflicting accounts of this affair, but from the testimony of eye-witnesses of the murder there appears to be little doubt that the killing of this officer was performed with deliberation by the Mexicans, and was not the result of their having mistaken Captain **Crawford** and his command for a body of the hostile Indians, as was urged, after the commission of the murder, in extenuation of it. At all events, the Mexican government has been awakened to the importance of thoroughly investigating the affair, and Colonel **Santa Anna Perez**, the officer in charge of the Mexican troops at the time of the killing, is being subjected to a rigorous examination by the War Department of that government. In the mean time the task of recovering the body of the unfortunate American officer and preparing for it an appropriate burial has been successfully performed.

An accompanying illustration shows the arrival of Captain **Crawford**'s remains on American soil at the supply camp, Lang's Ranch, New Mexico, and is from a sketch of the scene made on the spot. The duty of recovering the remains was intrusted to Captain **Dorst**, who with an escort of twenty soldiers, ten packers, and a skilled embalmer proceeded to Nacori, two hundred miles south of the American border, and exhumed the body from a shallow grave near the desolate little village, in which it had been placed by the Mexicans. The dry soil had kept the body in an excellent state of preservation, and as it was immediately embalmed, the features remained recognizable at the time of its arrival at Lang's Ranch. The return journey was a difficult one. The body, encased in a rubber sack, was borne on the back of pack-mules, which picked their way with difficulty over the steep ascents and declivities of the mountain trails. Midway between Nacori and the border line the little funeral cortége came upon a body of three hundred Mexican soldiers, who were endeavoring to get at the rear of Chief **Geronimo**'s band for the purpose of engaging those Indians in case of their refusal to surrender to General **Crook**. It was impossible to tell at what point or where the Chiricahua marauders might swoop down upon the practically defenceless funeral train and annihilate it. Fortunately the journey was made without hinderance from the Indians, and the remains of Captain **Crawford** having been transferred from the rubber case to a metallic coffin at Lang's Ranch, were taken on with a military escort to Fort Bowie, ninety miles distant, there to await shipment to the East.

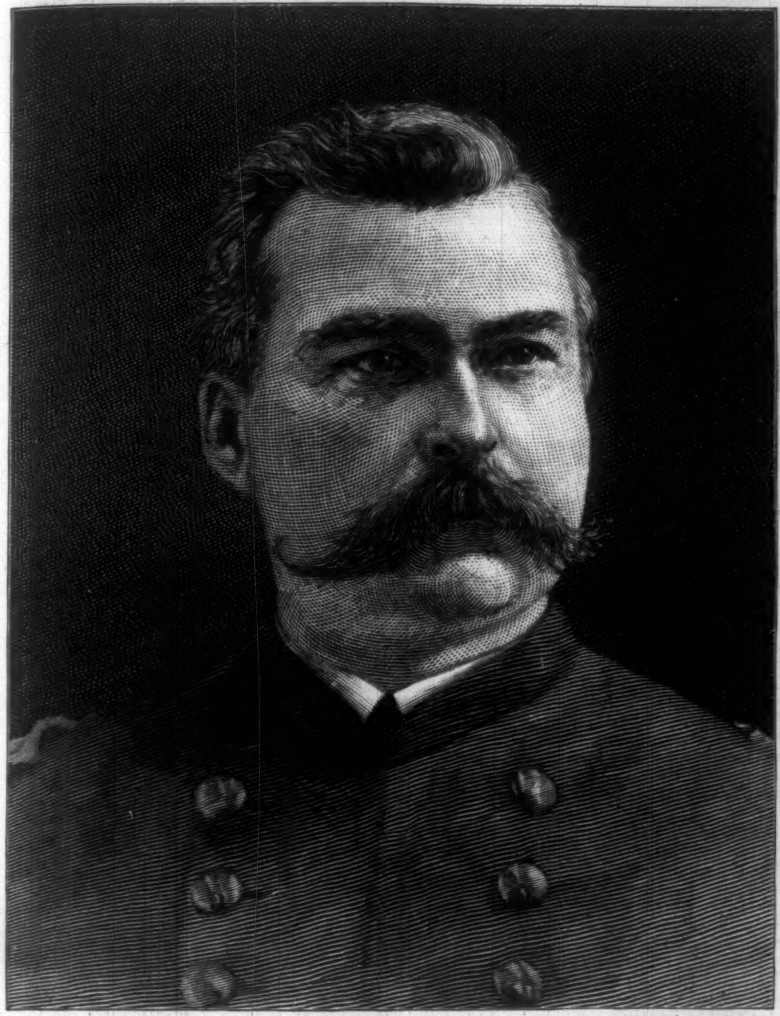
It was in the pursuit of the famous renegade Chiricahua Apache chieftain **Geronimo** that Captain **Crawford** lost his life. **Harper's Weekly** of March 27 contained an interesting sketch of this warrior in connection with a review of the circumstances which led to the present outbreak of the Chiricahua Apaches on the 17th of May last. Captain **Crawford**'s acquaintance and experience with this wily chief dated far back of that time. In his volume entitled *An Apache Campaign*, Captain **John G. Bourke**, of the Third United States Cavalry, has paid high testimony to the efficiency of his brother officer Captain **Crawford**, who commanded a body of one hundred and fifty friendly Apache scouts during the campaign in the Sierra Madre in the spring and summer of 1883. It was the persistent way in which (under General **Crook**'s orders) Captain **Crawford** followed the Chiricahuas into mountainous strongholds that had hitherto been deemed impenetrable by white men that resulted in the surrender of **Geronimo** (who was then a sub-chief of the Chiricahuas) at that time. In Captain **Bourke**'s book he is called "**Hieronymo**," which is probably the more correct way of spelling the name of this famous warrior than has during the present campaign been adopted in reports from the frontier. At the time of his "coming in" during the Sierra Madre campaign, **Hieronymo** (or **Geronimo**, as he may be called in deference to the present custom) was possessed of a band of female prisoners, the wives of Mexican soldiers, whom he had taken with him into the mountain fastnesses. Originally there had been six in the party, but **Geronimo** had sent back the oldest and feeblest with a note to the Mexican general, saying that he wanted to make peace, and would do so provided the Mexicans returned the Apache women and children held prisoners by them; if they refused, he would steal all the Mexican women and children he could lay his hands on, and would continue the war until he made Sonora and Chihuahua a desert. The women explained that the greatest terror prevailed in Chihuahua at the mere mention of the name of **Geronimo**, "whom the peasants believed to be a devil sent to punish them for their sins." This was in 1883, and the reputation of **Geronimo** as "a fiend" has not been suffered to be impaired since that date; indeed, during the last six months the daily press has overflowed with accounts of his rascality, very many of which have had their origin in the brains of sensational newspaper correspondents. There is no doubt, however, that **Geronimo** is a dangerous ruffian, and his surrender to General **Crook**, promised many weeks ago, has been anxiously looked forward to during this time, and several times announced, only to be contradicted. His contempt for the prowess of the Mexican army has always been complete, and he has frequently boasted that he killed the Mexican soldiers with rocks, having "no ammunition to waste upon Mexicans."



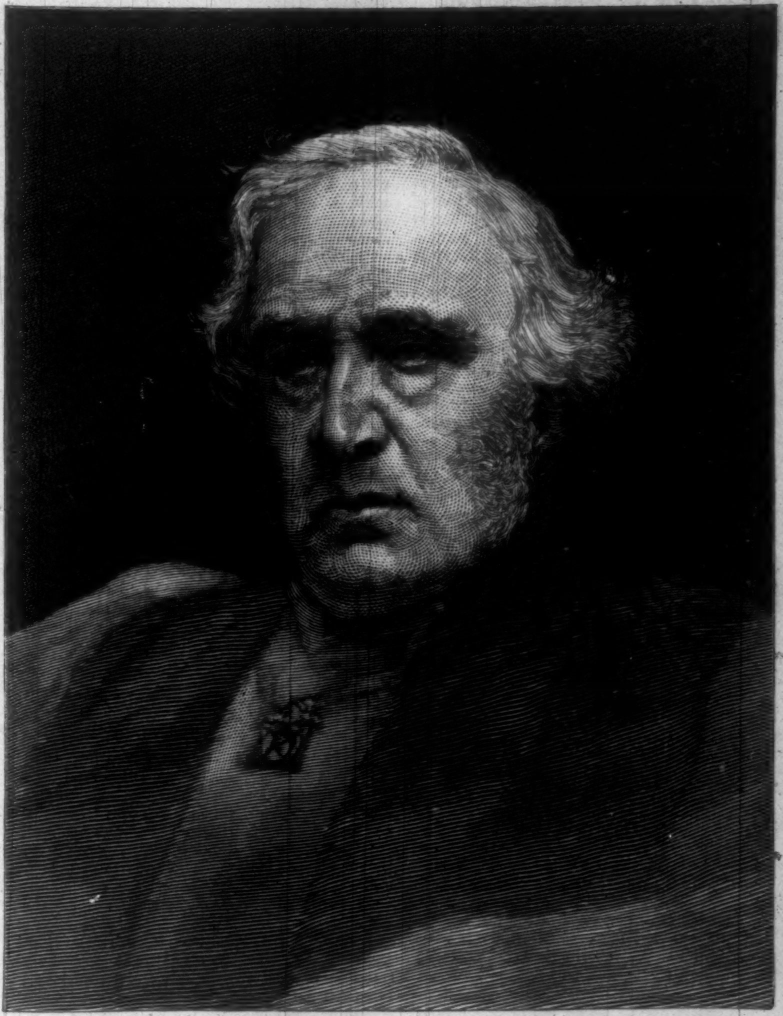
GERONIMO, THE RENEGADE CHIEF OF THE CHIRICAHUA APACHES.
Photographed by A. Frank Randall.



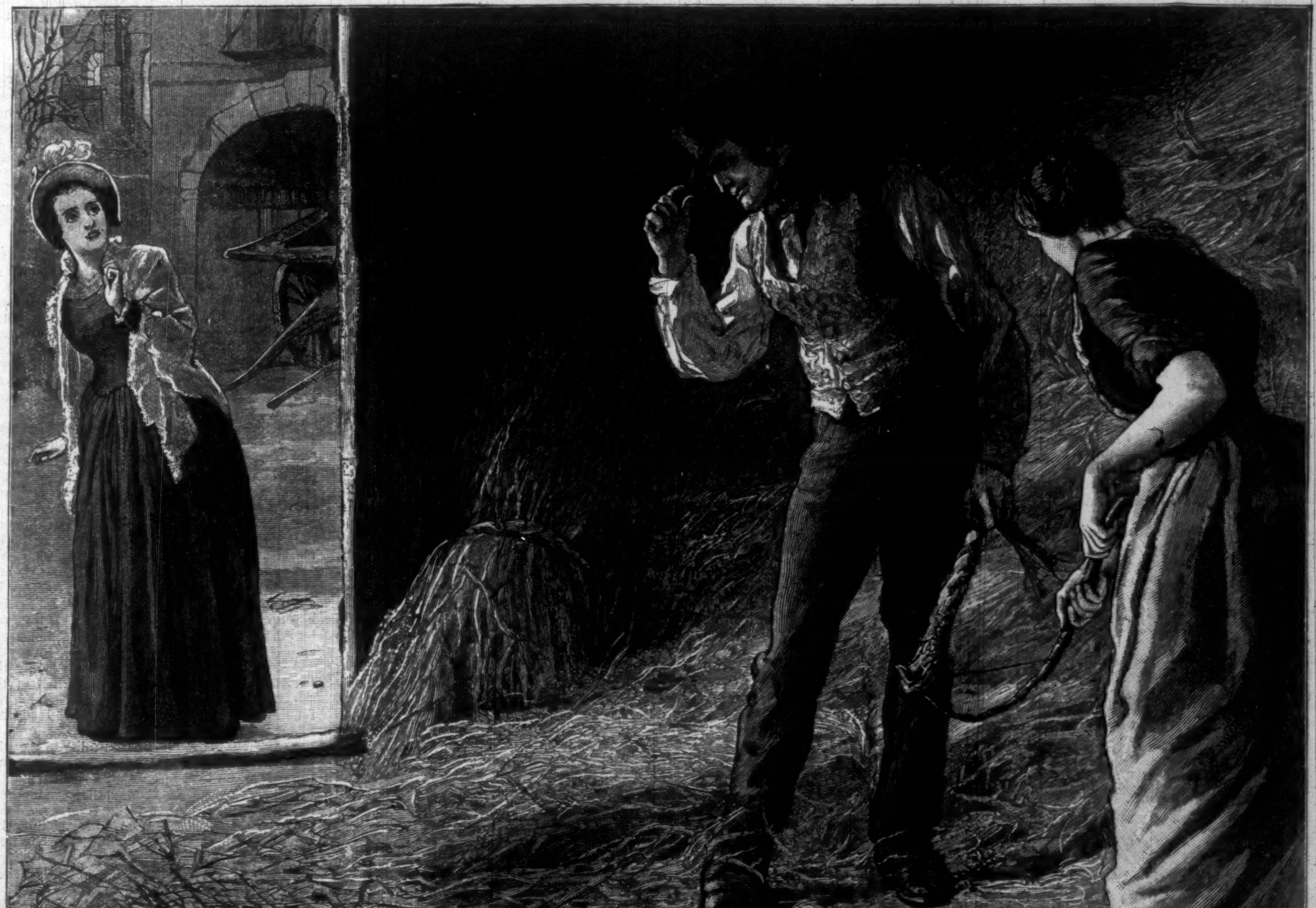
THE APACHE WAR—ARRIVAL OF THE BODY OF CAPTAIN CRAWFORD AT LANG'S RANCH, N. M.—Drawn by Charles Graham from a Sketch by J. S. Pettit.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS H. RUGER, U. S. A.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. W. PACH.
[SEE PAGE 231.]



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.
[SEE PAGE 231.]



"HENCHARD, WITH WITHERING HUMILITY OF DEMEANOR, TOUCHED THE BRIM OF HIS HAT TO HER."—[SEE SERIAL "THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE," PAGE 230.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

At this date there prevailed in Casterbridge a convivial custom—scarcely recognized as such, yet none the less established. On the afternoon of every Sunday a large contingent of the Casterbridge journeymen—steady church-goers and sedate characters—having attended service, filed from the church doors across the way to the King of Prussia Inn. The rear was usually brought up by the choir, with their bass-viols, fiddles, and flutes under their arms.

The great point, the point of honor, on these sacred occasions was for each man to strictly limit himself to half a pint of liquor. This scrupulosity was so well understood by the landlord, that the whole company was served in cups of that measure. They were all exactly alike—straight-sided, with leafless lime-trees done in eel-brown on the sides—one toward the drinker's lips, the other confronting his comrade. To wonder how many of these cups the landlord possessed altogether was a favorite exercise of children in the marvellous. Forty at least might have been seen at these times in the large room, forming a ring round the margin of the great sixteen-legged oak table, like the monolithic circle at Stonehenge in its pristine days. Outside and above the forty cups came a circle of forty smoke jets from forty clay pipes; outside the pipes the countenances of the forty church-goers, supported at the back by a circle of forty chairs.

The conversation was not the conversation of week-days, but a thing altogether finer in point and higher in tone. They invariably discussed the sermon, dissecting it, weighing it, as above or below the average—the general tendency being to regard it as a scientific feat or performance which had no relation to their own lives, except as between critics and the thing criticised. The bass-viol player and the clerk usually spoke with more authority than the rest, on account of their official connection with the preacher.

Now the King of Prussia was the inn chosen by Henchard as the place for closing his long term of dramless years. He had so timed his entry as to be well established in the large room by the time the forty church-goers entered to their customary cups. The flush upon his face proclaimed at once that the vow of twenty years had lapsed, and the era of recklessness begun anew. He was seated on a small table, drawn up to the side of the massive oak board reserved for the churchmen, a few of whom nodded to him as they took their places, and said, "How be ye, Mr. Henchard? Quite a stranger here."

Henchard did not take the trouble to reply for a few moments, and his eyes rested on his stretched-out legs and boots. "Yes," he said at length; "that's true. I've been down in spirit for weeks; some of ye know the cause. I am better now; but not quite serene. I want you fellows of the choir to strike up a tune; and what with that, and this brew of Stannidge's, I am in hopes of getting altogether out of my minor key."

"With all my heart," said the first fiddle. "We've let back our strings, that's true; but we can soon pull 'em up again. Sound A, neighbors, and give the man a stave."

"I don't care a curse what the words be," said Henchard. "Hymns, ballets, or rantipole rubbish; the Rogue's March or the cherubim's warble—'tis all the same to me if 'tis good harmony, and well put out."

"Well—heh, heh—it may be we can do that, and not a man among us that have sat in the gallery less than twenty year," said the leader of the band. "As 'tis Sunday, neighbors, suppose we raise the Fourth Psa'am, to Samuel Wakely's tune, as improved by me."

"Hang Samuel Wakely's tune as improved by thee!" said Henchard. "Chuck across one of your psalters—old Wiltshire is the only tune worth singing—the psalm tune that would make my blood ebb and flow like the sea when I was a steady chap. I'll find some words to fit en." He took one of the psalters, and began turning over the leaves.

Chancing to look out of the window at that moment, he saw a flock of people passing by, and perceived them to be the congregation of the upper church, now just dismissed, their sermon having been a longer one than that the lower parish was favored with. Among the rest of the leading inhabitants walked Mr. Councillor Farfrae, with Lucetta upon his arm, the observed and imitated of all the smaller tradesmen's womankind. Henchard's mouth changed a little, and he continued to turn over the leaves.

"Now, then," he said, "Psalm the Hundred-and-Ninth, to the tune of Wiltshire: verses ten to fifteen. I gie ye the words:

> " 'His seed shall orphans be, his wife
> A widow plunged in grief;
> His vagrant children beg their bread
> Where none can give relief.
>
> " 'His ill-got riches shall be made
> To usurers a prey;
> The fruit of all his toil shall be
> By strangers borne away.
>
> " 'None shall be found that to his wants
> Their mercy will extend,
> Or to his helpless orphan seed
> The least assistance lend.
>
> " 'A swift destruction soon shall seize
> On his unhappy race;
> And the next age his hated name
> Shall utterly deface.' "

"I know the Psa'am—I know the Psa'am!" said the leader, hastily; "but I would as lief not sing it. 'Twasn't made for singing. We chose it once when the gypsies stole the pa'son's mare, thinking to please him; but he were quiet upset. Whatever Servant David wer thinking about when he made a Psalm that nobody can sing without disgracing hisself, I can't fathom! Now, then, the Fourth Psa'am, to Samuel Wakely's tune, as improved by me."

"'Od seize your sauce—I tell ye to sing the Hundred-and-Ninth, to Wiltshire, and sing it you shall!" roared Henchard. "Not a single one of all the droning crew of ye goes out of this room till that Psalm is sung!" He slipped off the table, seized the poker, and going to the door, placed his back against it. "Now, then, go ahead, if you don't wish to have your cust pates broken!"

"Don't 'ee, don't 'ee take on so! As 'tis the Sabbath day, and 'tis Servant David's words and not ours, perhaps we don't mind for once, hey?" said one of the terrified choir, looking round upon the rest. So the instruments were tuned and the comminatory verses sung.

"Thank ye, thank ye," said Henchard, in a softened voice, his eyes growing downcast, and his manner that of a man much moved by the strains. "Don't you blame David," he went on, in low tones, shaking his head without raising his eyes. "He knew what he was about when he wrote that. If I could afford it, be hanged if I wouldn't keep a church choir at my own expense to play and sing to me at these low, dark times of my life. But the bitter thing is that when I was rich I didn't need what I could have, and now I be poor I can't have what I need!"

While they paused, Lucetta and Farfrae passed again, this time homeward, it being their custom to take, like others, a short walk out on the highway and back, between church and tea time. "There's the man we've been singing about," said Henchard.

The players and singers turned their heads, and saw his meaning.

"Heaven forbid!" said the bass-player.

"'Tis the man," repeated Henchard, doggedly.

"Then if I'd known," said the performer on the clarionet, solemnly, "that 'twas meant for a living man, nothing should have drawn out o' my wynd-pipe the breath for that Psalm, so help me!"

"Nor from mine," said the first singer. "But, thought I, as it was made so long ago, and so far away, perhaps there isn't much in it, so I'll oblige a neighbor; for there's nothing to be said against the tune."

"Ah, my boys, you've sung it," cried Henchard, triumphantly. "As for him, it was partly by his songs that he got over me, and heaved me out.... I could double him up like that—and yet I don't." He laid the poker across his knee, bent it as if it were a twig, flung it down, and came away from the door.

It was at this time that Elizabeth Jane, having heard where her step-father was, entered the room with a pale and agonized countenance. The choir and the rest of the company moved off, in accordance with their half-pint regulation. Elizabeth Jane went up to Henchard, and entreated him to accompany her home.

By this time the volcanic fires of his nature had burnt down, and having drunk no great quantity as yet, he was inclined to acquiesce. She took his arm, and together they went on. Henchard walked blankly, like a blind man, repeating to himself the last words of the singers:

> " 'And the next age his hated name
> Shall utterly deface.' "

At length he said to her, "I am a man to my word. I have kept my oath for twenty years; and now I can drink with a good conscience.... If I don't do for him—well, I am a fearful practical joker when I choose. He has taken away everything from me, and, by heavens, if I meet him, I won't answer for my deeds!"

These half-uttered words alarmed Elizabeth—all the more by reason of the still determination in Henchard's mien.

"What will you do?" she asked, cautiously, while trembling with disquietude, and guessing Henchard's allusion only too well.

Henchard did not answer, and they went on till they had reached his cottage. "May I come in?" she said.

"No, no; not to-day," said Henchard; and she went away, feeling that to caution Farfrae was almost her duty, as it was certainly her strong desire.

As on the Sunday, so on the week-days, Farfrae and Lucetta might have been seen flitting about the town like two butterflies—or rather like a bee and a butterfly in league for life. She seemed to take no pleasure in going anywhere except in her husband's company; and hence when business would not permit him to waste an afternoon, she remained in-doors, waiting for the time to pass till his return, her face being visible to Elizabeth Jane from her window aloft. The latter, however, did not say to herself that Farfrae should be thankful for such devotion, but, full of her reading, she cited Rosalind's exclamation: "Mistress, know yourself; down on your knees and thank heaven fasting for a good man's love."

She kept her eye upon Henchard also. One day he answered her inquiry for his health by saying that he could not endure Abel Whittle's pitying eyes upon him while they worked together in the yard. "He is such a fool," said Henchard, "that he can never get out of his mind the time when I was master there."

"I'll come and wimble for you instead of him, if you will allow me," said she. Her motive in going to the yard was to get an opportunity of observing the general position of affairs on Farfrae's premises now that her step-father was a workman there. Henchard's threats had alarmed her so much that she wished to see his behavior when the two were face to face.

For two or three days after her arrival Donald did not make any appearance. Then one afternoon the green door opened, and through it came, first Farfrae, and at his heels Lucetta. Donald brought his wife forward without hesitation, it being obvious that he had no suspicion whatever of any antecedents in common between her and the now journeyman hay-trusser.

Henchard did not turn his eyes toward either of the pair, keeping them fixed on the bond he twisted as if that alone absorbed him. A feeling of delicacy, which even prompted Farfrae to avoid anything which might seem like triumphing over a fallen rival, led him to keep away from the hay barn where Henchard and his daughter were working, and to go on to the corn department. Meanwhile Lucetta, never having been informed that Henchard had entered her husband's service, rambled straight on to the barn, where she came suddenly upon Henchard, and gave vent to a little "Oh!" which the happy and busy Donald was too far off to hear.

Henchard, with withering humility of demeanor, touched the brim of his hat to her as Whittle and the rest had done, to which she breathed a dead-alive "Good-afternoon."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Henchard, as if he had not heard.

"I said good-afternoon," she faltered.

"Oh yes, good-afternoon, ma'am," he replied, touching his hat again. "I am glad to see you, ma'am." Lucetta looked embarrassed, and Henchard continued: "For we humble workmen here feel it a great honor that a lady should look in and take an interest in us."

She glanced at him entreatingly; the sarcasm was too bitter, too unendurable.

"Can you tell me the time, ma'am?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, hastily; "half past four."

"Thank ye. An hour and a half longer before we are released from work. Ah, ma'am, we of the lower classes know nothing of the gay leisure that such as you enjoy."

As soon as she could do so Lucetta left him, nodded and smiled to Elizabeth Jane, and joined her husband at the other end of the enclosure, where she could be seen leading him away by the outer gates, so as to avoid passing Henchard again. That she had been taken by surprise was obvious.

The result of this casual rencounter was that the next morning a note was put into Henchard's hand by the postman.

"Will you," said Lucetta, with as much bitterness as she could put into a small communication—"will you kindly undertake not to speak to me in the biting undertones you used to-day, if I walk through the yard at any time? I bear you no ill-will, and I am only too glad that you should have employment of my dear husband; but in common fairness treat me as his wife, and do not try to make me wretched by covert words. I have committed no crime, and done you no injury."

"Poor fool!" said Henchard, with fond savagery, holding out the note. "To know no better than commit herself in writing like this? Why, if I were to show that to her dear husband—pooh!" He threw the letter into the fire.

Lucetta took care not to come again among the hay and corn. She would rather have died than run the risk of encountering Henchard at such close quarters a second time. The gulf between them was growing wider every day. Farfrae was always considerate to his fallen acquaintances, but it was impossible that he should not, by degrees, cease to regard the ex-corn-merchant as more than one of his other workmen. Henchard saw this, and concealed his feelings under a cover of stolidity, fortifying his heart by drinking more freely at the King of Prussia every evening.

Often did Elizabeth Jane, in her endeavors to prevent his taking other liquor, carry tea to him in a little basket at five o'clock. Arriving one day on this errand, she found her step-father was measuring up clover-seed and rape-seed in the corn-stores on the top floor, and she ascended to him. Each floor had a door opening into the air under a cat-head, from which a chain dangled for hoisting the sacks.

When Elizabeth's head rose through the trap, she perceived that the upper door was open, and that her step-father and Farfrae stood just within it in conversation, Farfrae being nearest the dizzy edge, and Henchard a little way behind. Not to interrupt them, she remained on the steps without raising her head any higher. While waiting thus she saw—or fancied she saw, for she had a terror of feeling certain—her step-father slowly raise his hand to a level behind Farfrae's shoulders, a curious expression taking possession of his face. The young man was quite unconscious of the action, which was so indirect that, if Farfrae had observed it, he might almost have regarded it as an idle outstretching of the arm. But it would have been possible, by a comparatively light touch, to push Farfrae off his balance and send him head over heels in the air.

Elizabeth felt quite sick at heart on thinking of what this *might* have meant. As soon as they turned she mechanically took the tea to him, left it, and went away. Reflecting, she endeavored to assure herself that the movement was an idle eccentricity, and no more. Yet, on the other hand, his subordinate position in an establishment where he once had been master might be acting on him like an irritant poison; and she finally resolved to caution Donald.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Next morning, accordingly, she rose at five o'clock, and went into the street. It was not yet light; a dense fog prevailed, and the town was as silent as it was dark, except that from the rectangular avenues which framed in the borough there came a chorus of smart rappings, caused by the fall of water-drops from the condensations on the boughs; now it was wafted from the West Walk, now from the South Walk, and then from both quarters simultaneously. She moved on to the bottom of Corn Street, and knowing his time well, waited only a few minutes before she heard the familiar bang of his door, and then his quick walk toward her. She met him at the point where the last tree of the engirdling avenue flanked the last house in the street.

He could hardly discern her till, glancing inquiringly, he said, "What—Miss Henchard—and are ye up so early?"

She asked him to pardon her for waylaying him at such an unseemly time. "But I am anxious to mention something," she said. "And I wished not to alarm Mrs. Farfrae by calling."

"Yes?" said he, with the cheeriness of a superior. "And what may it be? It's very kind of ye, I'm sure."

She now felt the difficulty of conveying to his mind the exact aspect of possibilities in her own. But she somehow began, and introduced Henchard's name. "I sometimes fear," she said, with an effort, "that he may be betrayed into some attempt to—insult you, sir."

"But we are the best of friends."

"Or to play some practical joke upon you, sir. Remember that he has been hardly used."

"But we are quite friendly."

"Or to do something—that would injure you—hurt you—wound you." Every word cost her twice its length of pain. And she could see that Farfrae was still incredulous. Henchard, a poor man in his employ, was not, to Farfrae's view, the Henchard who had ruled him. Yet he was not only the same man, but that man with the sinister qualities formerly latent quickened into life by his buffetings.

Farfrae, happy, and thinking no evil, persisted in making light of her fears. Thus they parted, and she went homeward, journeymen now being in the street, wagoners going to the harness-makers for articles left to be repaired, farm horses going to the shoeing smiths, and the sons of labor being generally on the move. Elizabeth Jane entered her lodging unhappily, thinking she had done no good, and only made herself appear foolish by her weak note of warning.

But Donald Farfrae was one of those men upon whom an incident is never absolutely lost. He revised impressions from a subsequent point of view, and the impulsive judgment of the moment was not always his permanent one. The vision of Elizabeth Jane's earnest face in the rimy dawn came back to him several times during the day. Knowing the solidity of her character, he did not treat her hints altogether as idle sounds.

But he did not desist from a kindly scheme on Henchard's account that engaged him just then; and when he met Lawyer Joyce, the Town Clerk, later in the day, he spoke of it as if nothing had occurred to damp it.

"About that little seedsman's shop," he said, "the shop overlooking the church-yard, which is to let. It is not for myself I want it, but for our unlucky fellow-townsman Henchard. It would be a new beginning for him, if a small one, and I have told the Council that I would head a private subscription among them to set him up in it—that I would be fifty pounds, if they would make up the other fifty among them."

"Yes, yes, so I've heard; and there's nothing to say against it, for that matter," the Town Clerk replied, in his plain, frank way. "But, Farfrae, others see what you don't. Henchard hates ye—ay, hates ye—and 'tis right that you should know it. To my knowledge, he was at the King of Prussia last night saying in public that about you which a man ought not to say about another."

"Is it so—and is it so!" said Farfrae, looking down. "Why should he do it?" added the young man, bitterly; "what harm have I done him that he should try to wrong me?"

"God only knows," said Joyce, lifting his eyebrows. "It shows much long-suffering in you to put up with him and keep him in your employ."

"But I cannot discharge a man who was once a good friend to me. How can I forget that when I came here 'twas he enabled me to make a footing for myself? No, no; as long as I've a day's work to offer, he shall do it if he chooses. 'Tis not I who will deny him such a little as that. But I'll drop the idea of establishing him in a shop till I can think more about it."

It grieved Farfrae much to give up this scheme. But a damp having been thrown over it by these and other voices in the air, he went and countermanded his orders. The then occupier of the shop was in it when Farfrae spoke to him, and feeling it necessary to give some explanation of his withdrawal from the negotiation, Donald mentioned Henchard's name, and stated that the intentions of the Council had been changed.

The occupier was much disappointed, and straightway informed Henchard, as soon as he saw him, that a scheme of the Council for setting him up in a shop had been knocked on the head by Farfrae. And thus out of error a monstrous enmity grew.

When Farfrae got in-doors that evening the teakettle was singing on the high hob of the semi-egg-shaped grate. Lucetta like a sylph ran forward and seized his hands, whereupon Farfrae duly kissed her.

"Oh!" she cried, playfully, turning to the window. "See! the blinds are not drawn down, and the people can look in. What a scandal!"

When the room was lighted, the curtains were drawn, and the twain sat at tea. She noticed that he looked serious. Without directly inquiring why, she let her eyes linger solicitously on his face.

"And who has called?" he absently asked. "Any folk for me?"

"No," said Lucetta. "What's the matter, Donald?"

"Well—nothing worth talking of," he responded, sadly.

"Then never mind it. You will get through it. Scotchmen are always lucky."

"No—not always," he said, shaking his head gloomily as he contemplated a crumb on the table. "I know many who have not been so. There was Sandy Macfarlane, who started to

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.

America to try his fortune, and he was drowned; and Archibald Leith, he was murdered! And poor Willie Dunbleeze and Maitland Macfreeze, they fell into bad courses, and went the way of all such."

"Why, you old goosey! I was only speaking in a general sense, of course. You are always so literal. Now when we have finished tea, sing me that funny song about high-heeled shoon and siller tags, and the one-and-forty wooers."

"No, no; I couldna sing to-night. It's Henchard—he hates me; so that I may not be his friend if I would. I would understand why there should be a wee bit envy, but I cannot see a reason for the whole intensity of what he feels. Now can you, Lucetta? It is more like old-fashioned rivalry in love than just a bit of rivalry in trade."

Lucetta had grown somewhat wan. "No," she replied.

"I give him employment—I cannot refuse it. But neither can I blind myself to the fact that with a man of passions such as his there is no safeguard for conduct."

"What have you heard—oh, Donald, dearest?" said Lucetta, in alarm. The words on her lips were "Anything about me?" but she did not utter them. She could not, however, suppress her agitation, and her eyes filled with tears.

"No, no—it is not so serious as ye fancy," declared Farfrae, soothingly, though he did not know its seriousness so well as she.

"I wish you would do what we have talked of," mournfully remarked Lucetta. "Give up business, and go away from here. We have plenty of money, and why should we stay?"

Farfrae seemed seriously disposed to discuss this move, and they talked thereon till a visitor was announced. Their neighbor Alderman Vatt came in.

"You've heard, I suppose, of poor Chalkfield's death? Yes, died this afternoon at five," said Mr. Vatt. Chalkfield was the Councilman who had succeeded to the Mayoralty in the preceding November.

Farfrae was sorry at the intelligence, and Mr. Vatt continued: "Well, we know he's been going some days, and as his family is well provided for, we must take it all as it is. Now I have called to ask ye this, quite privately: If I should nominate ye to succeed him, and there should be no particular opposition, will ye accept the chair?"

"But there are folk whose turn is before mine, and I'm over-young, and may be thought pushing," said Farfrae, after a pause.

"Not at all. I don't speak for myself only; several have named it. You won't refuse?"

"We thought of going away," interposed Lucetta, looking at Farfrae anxiously.

"It was only a fancy," Farfrae murmured. "I wouldna refuse if it is the wish of a respectable majority in the Council."

"Very well, then, look upon yourself as elected. We have had old men long enough."

When he was gone, Farfrae said, musingly: "See, now, how it's ourselves that are ruled by the powers above us. We plan this, but we do that. If they want to make me Mayor, I will stay, and Henchard must rave as he will."

From this evening onward Lucetta was very uneasy. If she had not been imprudence incarnate she would not have acted as she did when she met Henchard by accident a day or two later. It was in the bustle of the market, when no one could readily notice their discourse.

"Michael," said she, "I must again ask you, what I asked you years ago, to return me any letters or papers of mine that you may have—unless you have destroyed them. You must see how desirable it is that the time at Jersey should be blotted out, for the good of all parties."

"I have returned the whole lot of your letters."

"I think not," she said, timidly.

"I tell ye I returned every scrap of your handwriting—returned 'em long ago."

"Then I never received them."

"I sent them up to you in a packet by Elizabeth Jane, to be put into your hands when you were passing through Casterbridge by coach—exactly as you requested."

"Ah! I did not take that journey till some days later."

"Then what did Elizabeth Jane do with them?" said he. "You had better find out."

Lucetta's anxiety was now to see Elizabeth Jane, which there was not much difficulty in doing. She called by request, and then Lucetta learned how Farfrae, as may be remembered, had offered to deliver the packet to relieve Elizabeth from the tedium of waiting at the coach-office.

What had become of those letters, Lucetta asked herself, after they had passed so strangely into Donald's hands? Why had they never left his possession, when that possession was to have been but the trusteeship of a moment? She could only hope that the packet had been destroyed.

And yet it was of the essence of Farfrae's careful nature never to destroy anything.

On the very evening which followed this afternoon of anxiety there was a great ringing of bells in Casterbridge, and the combined brass, wood, catgut, and leather bands played round the town with more prodigality of percussion-notes than ever. Farfrae was Mayor—the two-hundredth odd of a series forming an elective dynasty dating back to the days of Charles I.—and the fair Lucetta was the courted of the town.... But, ah! that worm i' the bud—those letters; what had Donald done with them? where were they?

Henchard's thoughts were running on a parallel line with these of poor Lucetta's. Festering with indignation at the erroneous intelligence of Farfrae's opposition to the scheme for installing him in the little seed-shop, he was greeted with the news of the municipal election (which, by reason of Farfrae's comparative youth and his Scottish nativity—a thing unprecedented hereabout—had an interest far beyond the ordinary). The bell-ringing and the band-playing, loud as Tamerlane's trumpet, goaded the down-fallen Henchard indescribably; the ousting now seemed to him to be complete. As soon as his work was over, he too went to Elizabeth Jane, to make the inquiry in which Lucetta had preceded him. To him also Elizabeth confessed that she had been relieved of the parcel by Farfrae.

A grotesque grin shaped itself on Henchard's face.

The next morning he went to the corn-yard as usual, and about eleven o'clock Donald entered through the green door, with no trace of the worshipful about him. The yet more emphatic change of places between him and Henchard which this election had established renewed a slight embarrassment in the manner of the modest younger man; but Henchard showed the front of one who had overlooked all this, and Farfrae met his amenities half-way at once.

"I was going to ask ye," said Henchard, "about a packet that I once gave my step-daughter to hand to a lady in the Bath coach." And he added the particulars.

"Ah!" said Farfrae; "I do remember my faults this day. I could find no lady in any coach; I called at your house to give back the parcel; it was the very hour of Mrs. Henchard's death. I took it home, the packet being undone, wrapped it up again, and there it is now."

"It was not of much consequence—to me," said Henchard. "But I'll call for it this evening, if you don't mind."

It was quite late when he fulfilled his promise. A curl of sardonic humor hung on his lip as he approached the house, as though he were contemplating some terrible form of amusement. Whatever it was, the incident of his entry did not diminish its force, this being his first visit to the house since he had lived there as owner. The ring of the bell spoke to him like the voice of a familiar drudge who had been bribed to forsake him; the movements of the doors were revivals of dead days.

Farfrae invited him into the dining-room, where he at once unlocked an iron safe built into the wall, *his*, Henchard's safe, made by an ingenious locksmith under his direction. Farfrae drew thence the parcel, with a repetition of his honest apologies.

"Never mind," said Henchard, dryly. "The fact is, they are letters mostly.... Yes," he went on, sitting down and unfolding them, "here they be. That ever I should see 'em again! I hope Mrs. Farfrae is well after her exertions of yesterday?"

"She has felt a bit weary, and has gone to bed early on that account."

Henchard returned to the letters, sorting them over with interest, Farfrae being seated at the other end of the dining-table. "You don't forget, of course," he resumed, "that curious chapter in the history of my past, which I told you of, and that you gave me some assistance in by taking a journey to Budmouth? These letters are, in fact, related to that unhappy business; though, thank God, it is all over now."

"What became of the poor girl?" asked Farfrae.

"Luckily she married, and married well," said Henchard. "So that these reproaches she poured out on me do not now cause me any twinges, as they might otherwise have done.... Just listen to what an angry woman will say."

Farfrae, willing to humor Henchard, though quite uninterested, and bursting with yawns, gave well-mannered attention.

"For me," the letter went on, "there is practically no future. A wife whose husband has vanished into thin air, who feels it morally impossible that she can be wife of any other man after going to the altar with you, and who is yet no more your wife than the first woman you meet in the street. I quite acquit you of any intention to deceive me, yet you are the door through which wrong has come to me. That in the event of your present wife's death you will restore me to my true position is a consolation as far as it goes; but how far does it go? Thus I sit here, a widow without the melancholy satisfaction of a husband's tomb."

"That's how she went on to me," said Henchard; "acres of words like that, when what had happened was no fault of mine."

"Yes," said Farfrae, absently, "such is the way of women." But the fact was that he knew very little of the sex; yet detecting a sort of resemblance in style between the effusions of the woman he worshipped and those of the supposed stranger, he concluded that Aphrodite ever spoke thus, whosesoever the personality she assumed.

Henchard unfolded another letter, and read it through likewise, stopping at the subscription as before. "Her name I don't give," he said, blandly. "As I didn't marry her, and another man did, I can scarcely do that in fairness to her."

"Tr-rue, tr-rue," said Farfrae. "But why didn't you marry her when your wife Susan died?" Farfrae asked this, and the other questions, in the comfortably indifferent tone of one whom the matter very remotely concerned.

"Ay, well you may ask that," said Henchard, the new moon shaped grin adumbrating itself again upon his mouth. "In spite of all her protestations, when I came forward to do so, as in honor bound, she was not the woman for me."

"She had already married another, I presume?"

Henchard seemed to think it would be sailing too near the wind to descend further into particulars, and he answered, "Yes."

"The young lady must have had a heart that bore transplanting very readily."

"She had, she had," said Henchard, emphatically.

He opened a third and fourth letter, and read. This time he approached the conclusion as if the signature were indeed coming with the rest. But again he stopped short. The truth was that, as may be divined, he had quite intended to effect a grand catastrophe at the end of this drama by reading out the name; he had come to the house with no other thought. But sitting here in cold blood he could not do it. Such a wrecking of hearts appalled even him. His quality was such that he could have annihilated them both in the heat of action; but to accomplish the deed by oral poison was beyond the nerve of his enmity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL THOMAS H. RUGER.

IN this number of the WEEKLY we present a portrait of Colonel THOMAS H. RUGER, commanding the Eighteenth Infantry, who was nominated by President CLEVELAND as a Brigadier-General, to fill the vacancy created by the promotion of General TERRY.

Born in New York in the year 1833, young RUGER was appointed from Wisconsin, in 1850, to West Point, where he graduated with high honors in 1854. General G. W. C. LEE was first man in the class; Colonel H. L. ABBOT, now commanding the Engineer School at Willet's Point, the second; General RUGER the third; General O. O. HOWARD the fourth. PEGRAM and J. E. B. STUART belonged to the same class. Entering the Engineers, as his rank entitled him to do, he was engaged for a few months on the construction of the defences of New Orleans, but the following spring, April 1, 1855, resigned, and opened a law business at Janesville, in which he was occupied until the outbreak of the civil war, six years later.

His first command in the war was as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Wisconsin Volunteers, in the summer of 1861. He became Colonel of this regiment in August, and was on duty in Maryland and in the Shenandoah Valley during that and the succeeding year, taking part in the combat of Winchester, May, 1862, and in the battles of Cedar Mountain, August 9, and Antietam, September 17. He was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, November 29, 1862, and as such took part in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg in 1863. He was engaged also in suppressing the draft riots in New York in that year. Transferred to the West, he took part in SHERMAN's campaign of 1864 to Atlanta, and then as a Division Commander of the Twenty-third Corps in General THOMAS's Tennessee campaign against HOOD, serving with the Western army until the surrender of JOHNSTON.

After the war, General RUGER was made Colonel of the Thirty-third Infantry in the regular army, and brevet Brigadier-General for gallantry and meritorious services at Gettysburg. He was for a time Provisional Governor of Georgia, and held other commands at the South throughout the Reconstruction period, and until 1871, when he served as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point for five years, until 1876. Then he returned to Atlanta and took command of the Department of the South. He had, in 1869, on the reduction in the number of regiments, been transferred to the Colonelcy of the Eighteenth Infantry, and with this regiment proceeded to the West on the reduction of the Southern garrisons. At the time of his recent nomination, General RUGER was in command of the School of Application and the Post at Fort Leavenworth.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

THE Most Reverend RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH died in England on the 28th of March, having been born in 1807. Related to the ASHTOWN family of the Irish peerage, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1829. Showing a marked predilection for a clerical life, he was ordained, and held first a curacy in Hants. In 1841 he became curate of Curdridge. When the Rev. Dr. WILBERFORCE took charge of the see of Oxford, Mr. TRENCH was made chaplain, and three years afterward he became Theological Professor and Examiner of King's College, London. This position was held with great distinction until 1856, when, Dr. BUCKLAND dying, he became Dean of Westminster. With the death of Dr. WHATELY in 1864, Dean TRENCH was appointed Archbishop of Dublin and of Kildare, and became Chancellor of the Order of St. Patrick. He resigned his archbishopric in 1884.

Apart from the Archbishop's sincere piety and theological erudition, he will be best remembered for his literary work, which was of singularly varied character. In 1835 he published the "Story of Justin Martyr," and other poems, and three years later "Sabbation," "Honor Neal," and other verses, the truth, delicacy, and high moral tone of which productions gave him at his début a prominent position. From 1841 to 1851 many works were written by him, the greater portion of them reflecting the truest spirit of religion. Very prolific, his taste and his learning covering a very wide ground, he wrote a work on the *Life and Genius of Calderon*. Archbishop TRENCH's popularity in the United States arose mainly from his studies on philological subjects, such as *The Study of Words*, and *English Past and Present*, this latter work having passed through many American editions. Archbishop TRENCH's poetry has been discussed of late by Mr. F. W. H. MYERS in a volume of essays, and a very high place has been accorded to his devotional poems. In such purely clerical work as the Archbishop's sermons, the power and strength of their arguments are remarkable. From the pulpit during the first fifty years of his life his interpretations of the Gospel were constant, and the *Two Sermons preached at Cambridge on Special Occasions* in 1863 are frequently cited as among the most elegant of his many productions. From what has been so briefly written it may, however, be understood how wide was the range of topics treated by him. With scarce an exception, no English divine was better known in the United States, nor are any more highly esteemed abroad or at home.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

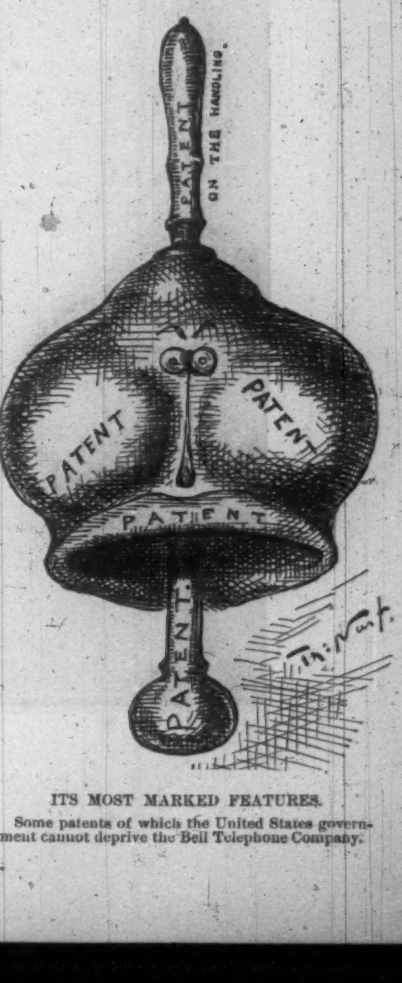
MR. DANIEL H. CARPENTER, of this city, writes that there is a still earlier date for an American strike than the one recently mentioned in this column. The strike that was noticed occurred in New York in November, 1809, and the cordwainers, or shoemakers, who conducted it, were found guilty of a conspiracy to hamper trade and extort money, and were fined one dollar each, not as a punishment, but as a warning. Mr. Carpenter says: "At the January sessions, 1806, in the city of Philadelphia, eight cordwainers (shoemakers) were tried for conspiracy to raise wages, and after a protracted trial, lasting till May, they were found guilty, and fined eight dollars each, besides the cost of the trial. They were defended by the eloquent Cæsar H. Rodney, and no one can read his speech in their behalf and be convinced of the justice of the rendered verdict. But the law, as laid down by Recorder Moses Levy, compelled the jury to bring in the verdict as above stated."

A French writer avers that hiccoughs may be cured by refrigeration of the lobe of the ear. There are reasons for believing that the asseveration is merely a theory which the writer deduces from the fact that of all the persons whom he ever saw with frozen ears not one had the hiccoughs. But whether it is theory or fact which the writer advances, the problem still remains as to what treatment is proper for a person who has the hiccoughs and who is without ears. Science of late years has advanced with enormous strides, but it is an amazing long way that still lies before her.

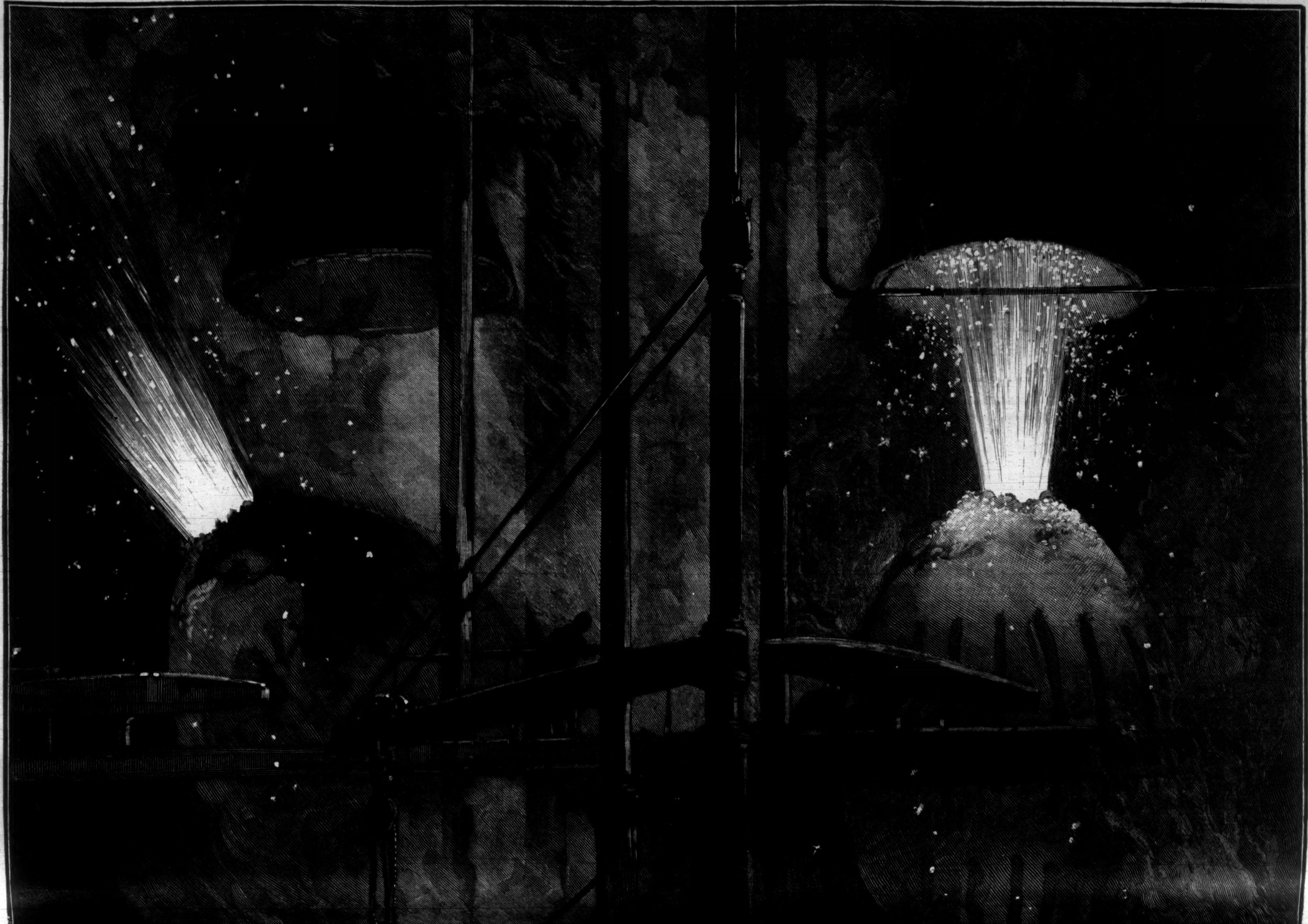
A steam-shovel has been constructed for use on a Western railroad which throws the snow two hundred feet from the track on either side. Such a powerful shovel could not be used on the tracks in this city, for obvious reasons. By day it would rake the sidewalks and overwhelm pedestrians, and by night its tremendous force would have to be encountered at short range by the miles of trucks which picturesquely line the curbings of this accommodating town.

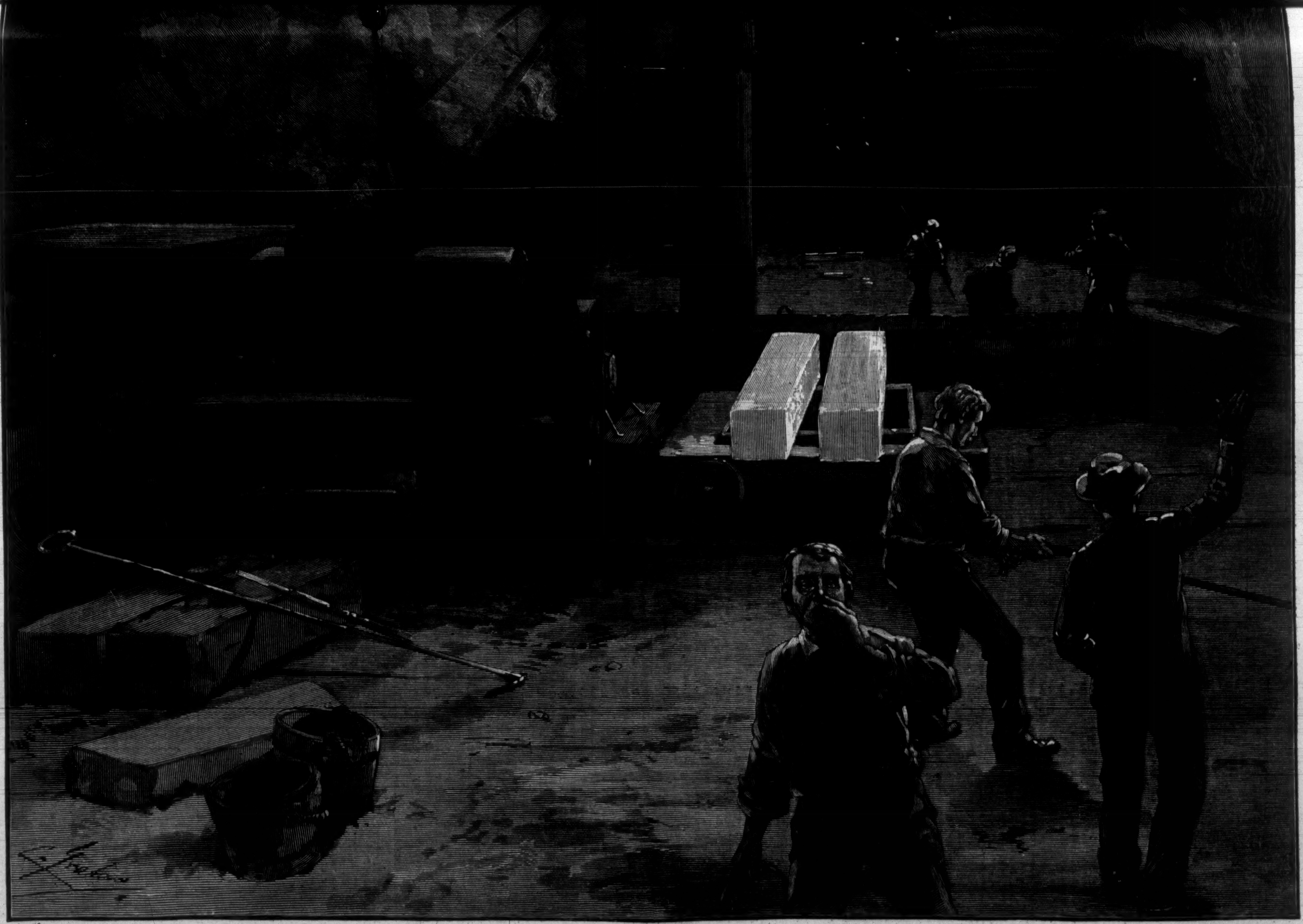
According to a story which comes from England, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Germany recently came in collision with the German army. The army had in mind a test of the accuracy and power of certain projectiles, and a military committee in Prussia started off a number of condemned horses on a gallop, and then mowed them down with the new projectiles very successfully. The agents of the society protested, and were promptly arrested and prosecuted "for an insult to the army." They escaped with a fine of fifty marks and the warning to be more circumspect in future.

It is hardly a matter to excite surprise for a citizen to shoot at his gas-meter, not because the act is common, but because gas-meters are given to such exasperating habits that an assault upon one readily suggests itself as a reasonable proceeding. These eccentric and high-pressure instruments, however, have for some reason long conducted themselves with impunity, and the gentleman living in First Avenue who recently descended into his cellar and fired a bullet into one really cherished the intention of shooting a rat, and was free of even the slightest animosity against his gas-meter at the moment. The gas-meter, in the circumstances, might for once have behaved generously to the consumer, but it did not. Surpassing even its customary activity, it exploded, burning the consumer so severely that it was necessary to remove him to Bellevue. The rat escaped unharmed.

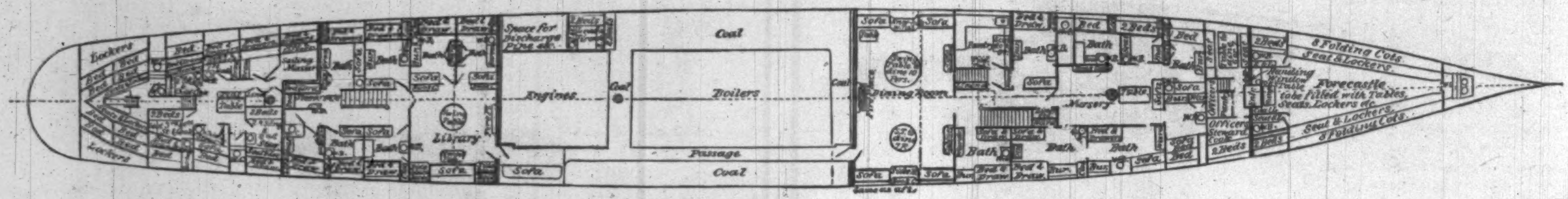


ITS MOST MARKED FEATURES.
Some patents of which the United States government cannot deprive the Bell Telephone Company.





MAKING BESSEMER STEEL AT PITTSBURGH—THE CONVERTERS AT WORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 238.]



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S STEAM-YACHT "ALVA."—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS.

THE "ALVA."

THERE seems to be slight doubt that in the future the large schooner yacht of the past will give place to the steamer, and that yacht racing will be confined to one-masted vessels. This has come to be the case practically in Great Britain, which is at present the leading yachting nation of the world, and this is gradually becoming the fact in this country. The schooner as a racing yacht has gone out of fashion, and the schooner as a cruising yacht is being replaced by the steamer. Yachting, it is said, means racing, and "steamers cannot be raced." This is a popular idea, but it is scarcely correct, for steamers always have raced, and always will. The great ocean packets race continually. They calculate their passages by minutes and seconds. The river and Sound steamers race whenever they fall in with a boat of a rival line, and the tug-boats of the harbor open out their engines wide whenever another tug comes up abreast of them. That the steam-yachts race goes without saying. So if the objection to the general introduction of the steam-yacht is that she can't race, it fails. There is now a club exclusively of steam-yachts, and each year a race is run under its auspices. This year it will take on an international form, the club having offered a prize of greater value than any before offered to yachts, and sufficiently valuable to tempt entries from across the ocean, and it is expected that two at least of the British steam-yacht fleet will come to this country to race, and as in sailing yachts the Yankee boat has thus far been able to hold her own, so it seems probable that the American Club Cup—$10,000 in value—will not cross the ocean.

We have now, as the fastest yacht in America, the *Atalanta*, belonging to Mr. GOULD. She is the largest of the fleet, being 250 feet long, the next in size being Mr. ASTOR'S *Nourmahal*, 233 feet, and the third in size Mr. BENNETT'S *Namouna*, 226 feet.

The illustrations in this number are of another immense steam-yacht, which is being built at the establishment of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company at Wilmington, Delaware, and to be called the *Alva*, and she will be a larger vessel than either that of Mr. GOULD or that of Mr. ASTOR, for she is to be 285 feet over all, 252 feet water-line, 32 feet 3 inches beam, 21 feet 6 inches depth, and will draw 17 feet. She is, in fact, an ocean steamer, and will be rigged as such, having three masts, the forward one ship-rigged throughout.

She is being built under the immediate supervision of Mr. ST. CLARE BYRNE, who is well known in this country from his success in the designing of Mr. BENNETT'S *Namouna*, and the owner of this yacht, Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT, has as his immediate representative in supervising her construction Mr. J. FREDERICK TAMS, well known as a practical yachtsman, and better known as the vice-president of the American Ship-building Company. The engines of Mr. VANDERBILT'S yacht are to be made in England. These are of the tandem compound, which have been approved as the best in the CUNARD boats *Etruria* and *Aurania*. The cylinders are 32 and 45 inches, with 42 inches stroke, supplied with steam by two boilers 17 feet diameter and 10 feet 6 inches long, each having four furnaces. They will turn a propeller of phosphor-bronze 13 feet in diameter.

The hull is to be of mild steel, and she will be built under the inspection of British Lloyd's, and will class A 1. The cabins will be forward of the machinery, and in their appointments, of course, all that can be obtained by an unlimited command of money will be secured. It goes without saying, in these days, that she will be lighted by electricity and steered by steam, and that in this yacht an improvement will be made on all vessels which have preceded her. As to her speed, she is guaranteed thirteen and a half knots per hour at sea, but in the Sound races of the American Club, unless she can beat the *Atalanta*, Mr. VANDERBILT must build another yacht.

As to the cost of this beautiful vessel, that to a man of Mr. VANDERBILT'S wealth is of the least importance. What he desires to have is the finest vessel in the world, and if he does not have this in the *Alva*, some one will have blundered, and as neither Mr. TAMS, nor Mr. BYRNE, nor the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company are apt to blunder, it is most probable that Mr. VANDERBILT will have the best yacht in the fleet. Certainly she is the largest, and in her the limit as to size is probably reached. Mr. GOULD will hardly desire a vessel larger than the *Atalanta*, Mr. ASTOR is satisfied with his *Nourmahal*, and Mr. BENNETT, it is said, finds the *Namouna* quite large enough for all his requirements, and for some years these four steamers will head the list as to size, for although we have many wealthy men, there are few sufficiently wealthy to spare the money necessary to build and run a vessel of the size of either of these. The question as to the cost of running a vessel like the *Atalanta* is often asked, and when it is stated that Mr. GOULD pays out $2500 each month for wages alone, some idea may be formed of the cost by adding to this maintenance for about sixty people, and the cost of a daily consumption of coal when steaming the whole day of about twenty tons. Add to all this the interest on first cost, and the continuous incidental expenses of the season, and the total will not fall far short of $10,000 a month.

CASSIA.

A LOVE STORY.

A GREAT white rambling house facing an acre of thick trees and dense flowering shrubs, with the murmur of ever-beating waves in the distance—a house that hid itself among the elms and oaks, and shrouded even its doors and windows in thick-hanging jasmine and cypress vines.

Nine o'clock in the morning, but not a creature was visible outside; the matted balconies were empty, the hammocks all unoccupied. Indeed, every room opening from the lower balcony was darkened excepting one. In this room the blinds were reversed, and a faint breeze moved the thin white curtains. A table was laid here for three people, and the preparations on it seemed to imply that their advent was momentarily expected.

Presently the door opened, and a beautiful girl of about sixteen years of age entered. She was dressed in a fine long robe of white muslin trimmed with knots of pale green ribbon, and in her hand she carried a bunch of pansies and lilies.

"Leroy?"

"Yes, Miss Cassia."

"Tell Colonel Bauvare I am waiting."

In a few minutes a stout, handsome man dressed in white linen entered. He kissed the girl on the brow softly.

"Where is mamma?"

"She will not appear this morning. She lay awake all night planning about the ball, and is too fatigued to rise."

"But surely to give a party is not such a very important affair, papa?"

"The people whom I entertain is a very important affair indeed, Cassia."

"Dear me! I had not thought of it in that light. I should just invite all the good dancers and nice people in the neighborhood. There are plenty of nice people round us."

"Fortunately this is a very select neighborhood; there are no better families in the country—in the world, I might say—than the Bauvares, the Peysons, the Le Croixs, the Des Moines—"

"And the Riveses, papa. I remember young Herbert Rives so well! He was the handsomest youth I ever saw. We must not forget Herbert Rives, papa."

"Cassia, I wish you to distinctly understand that Mr. Rives and I have had a bitter quarrel—an irreconcilable quarrel. If the public sentiment was raised to a proper pitch here, I should shoot him with a great deal of pleasure. I hope I shall never hear you speak of either the father or son again."

"I want Herbert Rives to come to my ball, papa."

"It is impossible, Cassia."

Cassia was silenced, but not convinced. Toward evening she went out to walk. The negro girl with her had a little bucket, and was gathering wild strawberries as they walked. As she entered the grove skirting the Rives estate the thick, intensely green turf, as soft as velvet, delighted her; the shade and warmth and sweet earthy smell filled her with a delicious, drowsy sense of repose.

"Oh, how nice it would be to lie down on this turf and sleep!" she thought. "I wonder what one's dreams would be in such a place?"

She had scarcely ceased wondering when she saw a splendid black horse quietly feeding, and under a tree not far away a man lay either dead or sleeping. Not dead surely? She must at least see to that. In a moment she stood over him. He was a young man, handsome as Endymion, and fast asleep.

When they had gone a little apart she paused, thought a minute, and then took her handkerchief, and with the little gold pencil at her chain wrote, "Love has been with thee, and thou knew it not." Then stepping softly back, she laid it on the turf beside his head.

Not until they were a quarter of a mile away did Cassia speak; then she said, softly, "Milly, do you know who that is?"

"Lor, yes, Miss Cassia—Massa Herbert Rives. Done forgot my berries, Miss Cassia. Kin I go back fur 'em?"

"Yes; I can see the house now. Go back if you wish."

When Milly got back to where she had left her bucket, the horse was saddled, and the young man was slowly riding away. Milly watched him out of sight, and saw him examine the handkerchief carefully, then kiss it and put it in his breast; all of which proceedings she reported, with some slight additions, to her mistress.

It was very natural that both young people should revisit the scene of this adventure. But for two days nothing more came of it. They went at unlucky hours, and only crossed each other. On the third day they were fortunate. Cassia, sitting with a book on her lap—which she was not reading—heard the fiery gallop of a horse, and instantly afterward horse and rider vaulted over the zigzag fence which divided the Bauvare and Rives estates.

Before Cassia could rise, Herbert had dismounted, thrown the reins over his horse's neck, and, hat in hand, advanced to her feet. His manly grace and beauty and his unaffected delight in their meeting completed the conquest that had been gained while he was unconscious of the power of his attractions. He pretended no ignorance of Cassia's person; he addressed her frankly as Miss Bauvare, and reminded her of their girl and boy friendship. He confessed that he had been watching for a glimpse of her, and that he had dared the trespass on the Bauvare land for the pleasure of speaking to her.

Cassia met him in the same humor. There was no formality and no embarrassment, and the conversation drifted insensibly into low, short sentences, made wonderfully eloquent by passionate glances and whispered queries, that Cassia answered only by smiles and blushes.

After this meeting Cassia was exceedingly amiable and obedient, and she entered with charming ease and interest into all her mother's social plans. The ball list was made out without any dissent or opposition.

The colonel was delighted; he took all the credit to himself. "Cassia is a sensible girl; she saw that I meant what I said, and she has accepted the situation in a very admirable manner," he said, complacently.

Mrs. Bauvare smiled scornfully at the self-complacent father. "Colonel," she replied, "of all the men I ever knew, you are the most easily deceived. Cassia has *not* accepted the situation; she has gone round it, you may depend on that. If she had accepted it she would never have been so very pleasant about it. I dare say that she has met Herbert Rives somewhere, and that she is meeting him every day."

"Great heavens, Mrs. Bauvare! why did you not suggest this view of the case before?"

"Because I have the ball on my mind at present, and I cannot possibly attend to two things at once, and do justice to both. Besides, I was afraid, if I told you my suspicions, you might in some way or other mismanage things."

The colonel did not indulge in any forcible remarks at that time, but he ordered his horse and rode away, determined to show his wife how much benefit she might yet derive from his assistance. There was on the estate a lovely little water-fall shaded by great oaks. Here the colonel, in his own courting days, had caused to be built a pretty arbor, and he instantly decided that if Cassia and Herbert Rives met anywhere, it would be at this romantic spot.

This very decision showed the narrowness of the masculine mind in elucidating an affair in which a modern woman was concerned. It was the very last place Cassia would have chosen. The spray and the shade made the place always insensibly damp, and the damp took the starch out of her muslins and the curl out of her hair. The rustic seats were of twisted wood, and not at all comfortable; the gloom and the monotonous tinkle of the water were too melancholy for the glory of Love's young dream. It was far more luxurious to recline on the warm soft grasses under the oaks, and to be flecked by the sunshine that the blowing leaves sifted through them, and to hear the songs of the birds overhead.

So the colonel haunted the water-fall for nearly a week in vain.

It was the day before the ball, and the house was topsy-turvy. Cassia seemed to be far too busy to meet any one that day, and the colonel felt himself so far relieved from duty that he went off for a long ride over the estate. Thus it happened that, being detained several times by the overseer, it was mid-afternoon when he reached the little wood that was Cassia's and Herbert's trysting-place. "I will turn in there," he said to himself, "and have a smoke, and perhaps a siesta under the trees."

The lovers could not see him, and they were far too much occupied with their own conversation to hear his approach. Milly perceived the colonel first, and made some fruitless attempts to warn the careless couple, but they really saw nothing of their danger until the angry father stood almost before them.

His first feeling was that of complacency at having found Cassia out; but his second, one of intense anger at her. He handed her her hat, which was lying on the grass, and said, with a severe politeness, "I presume Mr. Rives is not aware that he is trespassing; there is, however, a notice on yonder tree to that effect."

"Oh yes, he is, papa; but he asked my permission to trespass on you for a little rest and shade, *and I gave him it.*" She said the last words with an ominous flash of light and color in her eyes and cheeks.

Herbert apologized with frank politeness, and seemed determined to win at least a ceremonious courtesy from the colonel. He spoke of the weather, and was answered with an affirmative bow; and at last, being desperately determined to obtain an invitation to the ball, he said, "I hope you may have a pleasant evening for your dance to-morrow, colonel."

The colonel stiffly said he hoped so.

"I have not been invited," said Herbert, with the charming straightforwardness of youth. "I do wish that you would ask me, colonel."

The colonel "believed Mrs. Bauvare's list was quite full," and after that there was nothing for Mr. Herbert to do but mount his horse and gallop away.

"Papa, I am ashamed of you!" Those were Cassia's first words. "I never thought you could have been less than a gentleman."

"Cassia, I am ashamed of you. I never thought that you could have been less than a lady."

"I never have been. If you were going to shoot a man you would bow to him, and treat him like a gentleman."

"I do not consider Herbert Rives a gentleman."

"I am sorry, for I am engaged to him."

"Such nonsense!"

"And I intend to marry him."

The colonel kept a stern silence, and only showed his extreme anger by the passionate way in which he struck down the grasses and flowers with his stick.

The ball went off with great *éclat*, and, in spite of the colonel, Herbert was present, not in the house, indeed, but in the gardens, and on the balcony after the guests were gone; and Cassia had spoken to him a dozen times—in fact, had arranged with him the time and place of their next meeting.

For it was now a trial between wise old parents and a pair of dauntless young lovers, and the lovers got the best of it. They met by night and they met by day, and they never met twice in the same place. It was impossible to detect their messengers, or lay any plan to prevent their meeting. Every servant on both plantations was in their interest, and they had safe and happy meetings in the shut-up drawing-room and the cool sweet dairy when both Colonel Bauvare and Rives senior were seeking their disobedient children a couple of miles away.

In the mean time troubles of many kinds were gathering round both households. Great political questions which had little to do with love and lovers were tearing ever city and home in twain, and Herbert had added to the crime of loving objectionably, the still graver crime of conscientiously opposing the popular political sentiment.

"There are times when even a brave man may honorably fly, but Cassia must go with me," said Herbert to himself, and an hour afterward he was saying the same to Cassia.

"I dare not stay another day, beloved; if I do, I must betray my allegiance to my country, or get into serious trouble with my father and the people here. For even father is urging me in this matter. He is determined I shall compromise myself, and if it comes to fighting, as I believe it will, he will gladly send me away in the hopes that it may forever separate us. Darling, life will be very bare and cold without you."

"It will be death to me, Herbert; but we can at least die together. Perhaps over our graves they will know how cruelly they have treated us."

"Dear Cassia, we want to live together, not die together. I would rather call you wife than have a new Shakespeare write a new play about us. A home is better than a mausoleum, sweet. Will you go with me?"

"I will go wherever you go, Herbert."

"Then farewell till morning. Meet me at the north gate at five o'clock. We can reach P—— in two hours. I know a minister there, an old schoolmate of mine; he will marry us at once, and from P—— we can get direct railway to New York. Will you be there?"

It was not in the heart of woman to resist such an eager, handsome lover, and such pleading, passionate eyes, and Cassia said, "I will be there, Herbert."

"Then, dearest, I must go now; see, the clouds are breaking and the storm is over. Say nothing even to Milly, and ride Selim, for he is the fleetest horse you have. We will leave him at P——, to be sent back to the colonel." Then they said good-by a dozen times, and still came back to say it once again.

Leaving a few tender lines for her parents and a special little note for her mother, Cassia went forth at five o'clock the next morning to her lover. Two or three of the house-servants saw her go to the stable and saddle Selim, and ride rapidly away, but they had always made it a point of honor to know nothing of Miss Cassia's rides and walks, and they only glanced at her and went on with their work. Herbert was waiting for her, and in a few minutes the young lovers were happily galloping away to P——.

"We shall be there by seven o'clock, Cassia, and I will call up my friend at once, and we will be married, because the colonel may suspect our route. I think he won't, but he may."

In fact, the colonel suspected it much sooner than they anticipated. He had risen earlier than usual that morning, having determined to send a challenge as soon as it was possible to Captain Rives. He went to the stable for his favorite horse, and found it gone. There was a hubbub and great confusion at once, though it was not until all the servants had been examined that the real culprit was suspected.

Then there was saddling in hot haste, with many hot words and not a few promiscuous blows, and after swallowing a glass of brandy and a cup of coffee, the colonel followed straight to P——.

The colonel found the happy bride and bridegroom taking breakfast with the minister. He lifted his hat courteously to the latter, but took no notice of Herbert.

"Sir," he said, "you have done a very foolish thing this morning. You have married that child there to a very worthless and unworthy man."

"I think you are mistaken, Colonel Bauvare. I have known Herbert Rives intimately for six years."

The colonel lifted his eyebrows dissentingly, and turned to Cassia. "Come home, my daughter. Wait one year, and then, if you still wish to marry this man, you shall at least be married respectably from your father's house. Your mother wishes you to return also. Come back with me."

"My mother has you, father, and she will forgive me, for she will remember that she ran away with you, father. I must stay with Herbert now."

She had risen, and stood by the side of her husband; and even the angry father was struck by the extreme beauty of the young couple; he said, in a softer voice than might have been expected, to Herbert,

"Where are you going to take that child?"

"To New York, sir."

He left them without another word.

On the other hand, Mrs. Bauvare wrote Cassia a long letter that very night, forgave her everything, sent her love to Herbert, and begged her to transmit weekly bulletins of everything that might interest her.

Unfortunately political events of the gravest character soon put a stop to Cassia's weekly bulletins. Of course, if I had been drawing a hero as splendid in character as he was handsome in person, I should have insisted on Herbert going to the war and carving his way to glory with his sword. But Herbert united with his magnificent physical beauty only a very prosaic mind. He preferred to make money and live comfortably with his beautiful wife and children; and somehow men generally thought just as well of him for it.

However, if he had a prosaic mind, he had by no means prosaic affections. One evening, soon after the close of the war, he came to Cassia with a radiant face. "Darling," he said, "do you remember your father saying we were a couple of fools, and that when we came to our senses we could let him know?"

"I remember, Herbert. Poor papa! How I should like to see mamma and papa again!"

"Can you be ready to start to-morrow, and take both the children with you?"

"Oh, Herbert! do you really mean it?"

"I really mean it, Cassia. I have come to my senses, dear. Since our little Julia has grown so near and dear to me I have estimated better how hard it must have been for your father and mother to give you up. I hope, however, I have been able at last to do something which will prove to them I know the value of the dear girl I stole away from them."

"What have you done, Herbert?"

"Redeemed both the Rives and the Bauvare estates. You shall take the title-deeds of the Rives place to my father, and our little Herbert shall give Bauvare back to his grandfather."

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

What is the Mormon Church?

A polygamous hierarchy.

Who is its President?

John Taylor, an Englishman, called "the mouthpiece of the Almighty," God's representative on earth. He is "prophet, seer, and revelator" to the whole Church. When he speaks, it is with the voice of Jehovah. All man-made laws, all acts of Congress, are null and void if they conflict with his commands. "We must obey as horses and mules obey," declared an authority in 1869. This mighty autocrat, who holds in his hands the destinies of two hundred thousand beings calling themselves American citizens, is assisted by two counsellors, the triumvirate being called the first Presidency.

Who are these counsellors?

George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. The latter is the nephew of Joseph Smith, the original prophet, and son of Hyrum, his brother, murdered by the mob at Carthage, Illinois, in 1844. He is a rabid fanatic. This is not strange, considering the influences under which he was born and the education he has received. Brother Smith has four wives; one, however, is said to have obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty. This holy man has been sent on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, where the Mormons have had a settlement for many years. Gossip in Utah declares that while it is convenient for Smith to be beyond the clutches of United States marshals, his absence is a great relief to the other members of the Mormon trinity, as Smith is not always in accord with the majority. Moreover, he believes that he is the lawful successor of John Taylor, whose seventy-six years are beginning to leave their mark on both body and mind. The real power to-day, however, is held by George Quarles Cannon, and when Taylor is gathered to Abraham's bosom—the place to which all good polygamists go—it will be found that God has appointed Cannon to fill his place. Who knows how soon this may happen? Under the circumstances, it is best that Joseph F. Smith should remain in the Sandwich Islands.

Owing to his long residence in Washington as Delegate from Utah, George Q. Cannon is well known outside of Mormondom. Suave and cordial in manner, he impresses strangers very favorably, and is universally liked among his own people. He is an ideal Jesuit. With a loud and distinct voice, he makes himself heard throughout the vast Tabernacle, and does the real work, while John Taylor wears the mantle of the Presidency. This astute Saint represented Utah at the national Capitol for years, though he had never been naturalized, and had four wives! Had he come from any other part of the Union he would have been seized by the law and sent to the penitentiary. But coming from Utah, instead of being a convict, he was a Saint! In this country virtue and vice are purely geographical expressions. Yet we call ourselves a nation!

George Q. Cannon is the result of long years of blind adherence to faith. A nephew of John Taylor's first wife, reared in the apostle's family, having heard from childhood the jingle of the keys of the holy priesthood, he repeats the precepts of his elders, and believes because he does not permit himself to think. "I have never allowed myself to reason about the Book of Mormon," said Cannon, years ago, to a friend. "I accept it on faith."

And what more of this power behind the throne? There is nothing like documentary evidence, and I happen to possess a document that throws no little light on the devious ways of Mormonism. Here it is:

"United States of America,
Territory of Utah, } ss.
County of Salt Lake.

"Adolph Razin, a citizen of the United States resident in said Territory and county, deposes and says that on or about the first day of March, A.D. 1855, at the City of Salt Lake, one George Q. Cannon told affiant that according to the doctrine of Blood Atonement, as believed, understood, and practised in and by the Church of Latter-day Saints, or Mormons, it was and always is the duty of each and every member of said Church to shed the blood of his neighbor for salvation's sake.

"That is to say, the said George Q. Cannon did, at the time aforesaid, attempt to impress upon the mind of this affiant that when any co-religionist was thought to be in a state of sinfulness or disobedience to said Church, its doctrines and priesthood, it was then and in that case the justifiable privilege and duty of any other co-religionist to kill such supposed offender. And having argued and explained to affiant the said doctrine of Blood Atonement, the said George Q. Cannon did then and there inform affiant that Alman W. Babbitt, Secretary of Utah Territory, had transgressed the laws of said Church, and had disobeyed the commands of its President in divers ways; and that for such transgressions and disobedience the blood of the said Alman W. Babbitt should and must be shed, to redeem and save his soul from sin. That thereupon the said George Q. Cannon told affiant that said Alman W. Babbitt was then, in March, 1855, intending to go from Salt Lake City to Washington, D. C., advising and urging affiant to accompany said Babbitt on the journey as aforesaid, and on the journey to shed the blood of said Alman W. Babbitt, according and in obedience to the teachings of said Church. The affiant then and there earnestly and conscientiously refused to commit or to have any part in the commission of the murder so advised and counselled by said George Q. Cannon.

"Affiant further says that he did accompany the said Alman W. Babbitt to Washington, D. C.; but did not return to Utah with him. That afterward, in the summer of 1856, the said Alman W. Babbitt was assassinated on his return from Washington, and this affiant believes said assassination was an act done in accordance with the laws or doctrines of said Church, and by agents of said Church, instigated thereto by the advise and counsel of George Q. Cannon aforesaid, and other persons in the authority of said Church.

"Affiant says that in March, 1855, as aforesaid, he was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or Mormons, as hereinbefore stated, and that said George Q. Cannon was a member of said Church, holding office in its priesthood, at the same time; that said George Q. Cannon is the same person who is now Delegate in the House of Representatives (from the Territory of Utah) in the Congress of the United States. And further deponent saith not.

[Signed] "A. Razin.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of March, A.D. 1874.

[Signed] "Alfred S. Gould,
"Clerk of Supreme Court of Utah Territory."

The unfortunate Razin, who dared to tell the truth about God's anointed, disappeared soon after, and I was told in Utah that he had never since been seen. Such an apostate, of course, needed to have his blood spilled in order to save his soul.

"Under certain circumstances the Lord allows his priesthood to lie in order to save His people," declares a Mormon authority, consequently it is not strange to find George Q. Cannon swearing first black and then white. In the Utah contest case between George R. Maxwell and George Q. Cannon, first session Forty-third Congress, the latter said:

"I deny that on the 15th day of November, 1871, at Salt Lake City, or at any other time or place, I declared, upon oath or otherwise, that I considered the revelation of polygamy paramount to all human laws, or that I would obey said revelation rather than the laws of any country. I deny that I now live or have ever lived in violation of the law of God, man, my country, decency, or civilization, or of any law of the United States. I deny that I am now living with four wives, or that I am living or cohabiting with any wives in defiant or wilful violation of the law of Congress of 1862 entitled 'An Act to prohibit polygamy in the Territories.'"

With this awful lie upon his conscience, George Q. Cannon held his seat in Congress despite the additional fact that he was an alien, never having been properly naturalized! When in 1880 Eli H. Murray, of Kentucky, became Governor of Utah, his honest soul revolted at such mockery of law and justice, and at the next election for Delegate to Congress ignored George Q. Cannon's right to a certificate of election because, *being an alien*, he was not entitled to office, no matter how many votes he polled. To ask Governor Murray to certify that an alien had been elected to office was to ask him to certify to a lie. There is no decree of any court making George Q. Cannon a citizen of the United States. When, years ago, Cannon returned from the Sandwich Islands, where he had been upon a mission, and wanted to be elected to some office in the Legislature, the clerk of the Tithing Office, who was also clerk of the District Court, gave him a certificate of citizenship, which possesses no legal value whatever. How right Governor Murray was in the position he took in this matter was shown by the action of Bishop Sharp, a prominent Mormon of large fortune. Having obtained a certificate of citizenship from the same source as that to which George Q. Cannon had gone, Bishop Sharp consulted lawyers as to its legality when President Cannon's election was under dispute. On being assured by them of the worthlessness of his certificate, Bishop Sharp at once took legal steps to become an American citizen. Governor Murray gave a qualified certificate to A. G. Campbell, "being a citizen of the United States," and accompanied his decision with a full detail of all the facts and the vote polled, remitting the question to Congress, this body alone having final power to decide whether either of the candidates was chosen. The Committee on Elections held that neither the certificate of Campbell nor the statement of the vote made a *prima facie* case for either of the claimants. The committee held Cannon ineligible for election, and declared the seat vacant; whereupon a new election was ordered, and a monogamous Mormon, John T. Caine, was sent to Congress.

Then it was, in this second Utah contest case, "Cannon *v.* Campbell," that Cannon deposed:

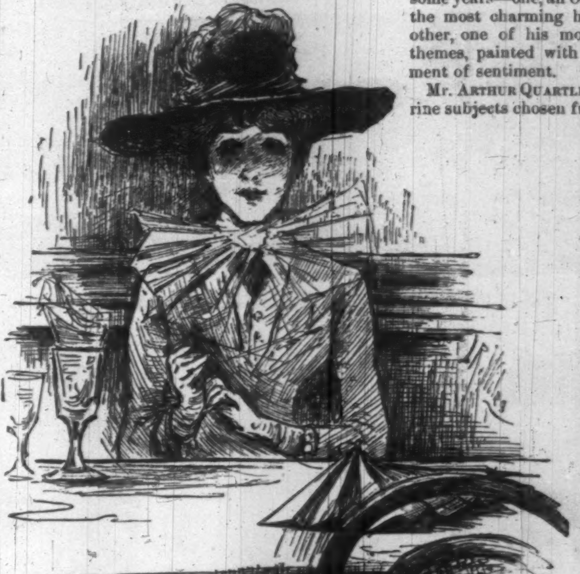
"I, George Q. Cannon, contestant, protesting that the matter in this paper contained is not relevant to the issue, do admit that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called Mormons; that, in accordance with the tenets of said Church, I have taken plural wives, who now live with me, and have so lived with me for a number of years, and have borne me children; I also admit that in my public addresses, as a teacher of my religion in Utah Territory, I have defended said tenet of said Church as being, in my belief, a revelation of God.

[Signed] "George Q. Cannon."

What a remarkable somersault is this, my countrymen! And now, after having hidden from United States marshals for about eighteen months, during which time the Mormon Premier has, in conjunction with John Taylor, counselled the people to defy the government and "live their religion," the Lord has allowed this mighty man to be caught by miserable minions of the law. So little faith had this Cannon in his cause, and so little did he enjoy playing the martyr, that he actually tried to escape from the train while on parole, and broke his holy nose in the futile attempt. He is now at large, after giving bonds to the amount of $45,000, and the knowing predict that he will "jump his bail" and escape to Mexico. His bondsmen are good Saints, and will not suffer. That bail will be secretly repaid by the Church out of the Tithing House funds, or from money collected "to influence legislation at Washington." What think you of the leaders of the "kingdom of God on earth"?

Kate Field.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.



"THE CORNER TABLE."—Irving R. Wiles.

(From Kurtz's Illustrated Academy Notes.)

The present, sixty-first, annual exhibition of the Academy, which was thrown open to the public during this week, also betrays a very gratifying evidence of increased vitality, not merely among the general students and younger men of the profession, but among the staid and conservative Academicians themselves. The recent purchase by the Academy of land adjoining its present structure may be taken as another indication, and a very cheerful one, of the leaven that is working in that body. In spite of a competitive exhibition more formidable than any with which it has ever been called to contend, the standard of the present Academy exhibition is the highest that it has yet attained. In portrait, landscape, and genre there is a very marked improvement. The range of technical skill is higher; there is more invention and thoughtfulness to be discerned in the choice and treatment of subjects, and upon the whole it may be stated unreservedly that most thoughtful observers will agree that it is the most encouraging exhibition that the Academy has yet made. There are fewer objections to be urged on the score of the annual misuse of the prerogatives of Academicians, fewer sins are to be charged to the account of the hanging committee, and all friends of the Academy may congratulate themselves and it upon the new light that prevails in its classic precincts.

In the last Academy there was no conspicuous picture of the year, and the exhibition was, perhaps, less interesting upon that account. There have been occasions when some startling achievement in some direction or other challenged attention and provoked discussion, and the exhibitions that contained such were always the more interesting therefor. The present exhibition has a conspicuous picture—one that will provoke a good deal of discussion, and which will certainly be regarded with a great deal of popular interest. It is by **Robert Koehler**, a very large canvas, and hung effectively and judiciously at the east end of the South Gallery. The subject might have been chosen from some of the events incident to the labor troubles of the past few weeks, representing as it does a number of foundry hands with a grievance clamoring at the door of the capitalist against whose oppression they rebel. It recalls forcibly a class of pictures which has been very popular in England, and of which we may cite a familiar and vigorous example in Mr. **Luke Fildes**'s "Casual Ward." Mr. **Koehler**, while a little too obvious in his dramatic methods, has painted in this an exceedingly able and effective picture. There is no question of his sincerity of purpose, and the force and directness with which he has executed it show that he is a painter of uncommon power, from whom serious and important work may reasonably be expected.

The portraiture of the exhibition is strong. The president, Mr. **Daniel Huntington**, contributes an unusual number of his characteristic canvases. Mr. **Eastman Johnson** has an admirable portrait in the South Gallery, one of the best, to our thinking, that he has painted. Mr. **B. C. Porter** has one of his most successful pictures in his "Portrait of a Lady" in the North Gallery—a superb piece of work in its way, and as striking an example of purely fashionable portrait-painting as has ever been seen in the Academy. Mr. **C. Noel Flagg** has a very dignified and refined portrait of a lady in the same gallery, and a striking study of "Hester Prynne" in the Northwest Gallery, the latter an interesting and effective conception of the tragic possibilities of that famous literary creation. There are a great many portraits in the exhibition that will repay careful study, and it would seem that this branch of art had prospered exceedingly during the past winter.

Mr. **C. Y. Turner** contributes a picture of uncommon distinction in his wedding procession of Priscilla, which might be likened to some fair Puritan who fain would emulate the example set forth in the legend of Europa and Jupiter.

Mr. **R. Swain Gifford** contributes two of the most successful pictures that he has exhibited in some years—one, an Oriental subject, treated with the most charming harmony of color; and the other, one of his more familiar New England themes, painted with great delicacy and refinement of sentiment.

Mr. **Arthur Quartley** is represented by two marine subjects chosen from his recent studies along the English coast. They are undoubtedly the best pictures of his that have been seen in any public exhibition in New York, admirable in color, and bright and vigorous in style.

Mr. **George Inness** enjoys the place of honor in the South Gallery with a large and serious canvas, a study in the deep recesses of some thick woodland—a subject such as **Diaz** loved best, and one which Mr. **Inness** seems to have painted in more than ordinary communion of spirit with that great master, but with no abatement whatever of his own independent methods both of thinking and of painting. It is a landscape of great power and solemnity.

Mr. **Gilbert Gaul** has achieved one of the conspicuous successes of the exhibition in a subject selected, as usual, from the reminiscences of our civil war. It is much the best picture that he has ever painted, and indicates a degree of progress which will entitle him to rank as the American **De Neuville**.

Other notable pictures of the exhibition are **Grobe**'s "Dutch Marine"; **L. D. Holmes**'s "Uncle Remus," an exceedingly clever picture; "The Close of Day," a strong and characteristic landscape by **Robert Minor**; two clever portrait studies by **W. H. Lippincott**; a beautiful study in an English inn by **F. D. Millet**; and two fine examples by **Edgar M. Ward**, interesting in subject, and painstaking and conscientious in execution.

THE ACCUSED ALDERMEN.

There are published in this issue the portraits of several members of the New York Board of Aldermen of the year 1884 who have been either arrested on indictments or detained as witnesses. **Harper's Weekly** of March 13 contained a *résumé* of all the proceedings, negotiations, etc., connected with the grant of a franchise for the Broadway horse railroad, so far as they were then known. This was supplemented in the issue of March 27 by the announcement of the arrest of one of the members of that Board—Alderman **Henry W. Jaehne**, who was also the Vice-President of the present Board of Aldermen at the time of his arrest. In that number appeared the portraits of **Jaehne** and of Ex-Alderman **James Pearson**. Some suspicious circumstances had at that time been brought to light concerning **Pearson**, but he was not arrested until April 2, having been indicted for taking bribes, together with **William P. Kirk**, who in 1884 was President of the Board of Aldermen. **L. A. Fullgraff**, another of the Aldermen, was summoned on the same day to the office of the District Attorney, but was not arrested. It was surmised that the District Attorney had endeavored to ascertain from him what he knew concerning the Broadway grant, and was prepared to promise him immunity in return for his evidence, and this conjecture was not weakened by **Fullgraff**'s own brief and guarded account of the interview.

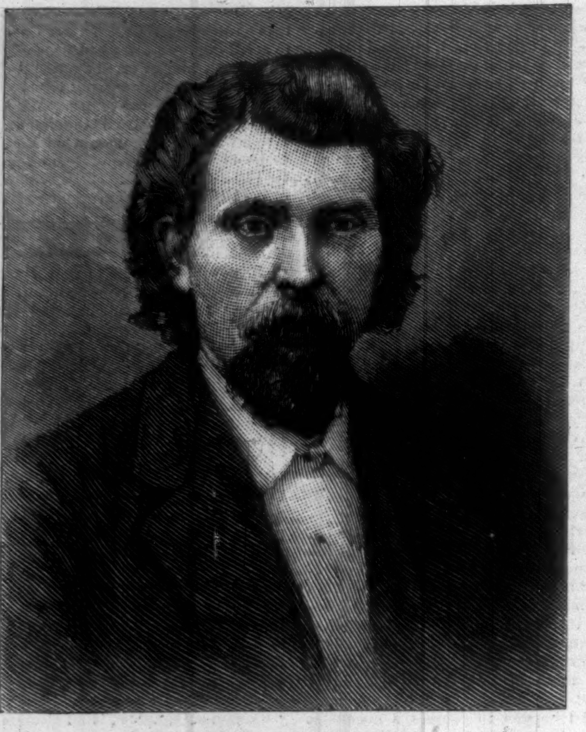
These proceedings—the indictment and arrest of **Kirk** and **Pearson**, and the summoning of **Fullgraff**—were taken upon information furnished by another of the suspected ex-Aldermen, **Charles B. Waite**. **Waite** had not only been one of the eighteen Aldermen who voted to grant the Broadway franchise over the Mayor's veto, but had presided at the meeting at which the action was taken, having come from the Pequot House at New London, of which he was the landlord, to the Brevoort House in New York, which he also kept, in order to attend it. February 24 of this year he left New York, and was supposed for a time to be in hiding in order to avoid testifying before the investigating committee. April 1 he returned to the city, by arrangement with the authorities. He remained during most of the day closeted with the District Attorney. Whatever statement he made was not published, but it was given out that he had been permitted to turn State's evidence, and had imparted all he knew about the alleged bribery of the Aldermen to the District Attorney. To the reporters he talked freely, but his conversation with them consisted largely of denials of the truth of statements which he admitted having made at divers times and to sundry persons.

On the evening of the day of Mr. **Waite**'s arrival, **William P. Kirk**, the President of the 1884 Board of Aldermen, was arrested. The following morning Mr. **Waite** was taken before the Grand-Jury, and at the conclusion of the interview indictments were issued by the Grand-Jury against Ex-Alderman **Kirk** and Ex-Alderman **James Pearson**, the latter being also at once put under arrest. Bail in $25,000 was furnished for each of them, and they were released, Alderman **Kirk** only of the two having spent a night in confinement.

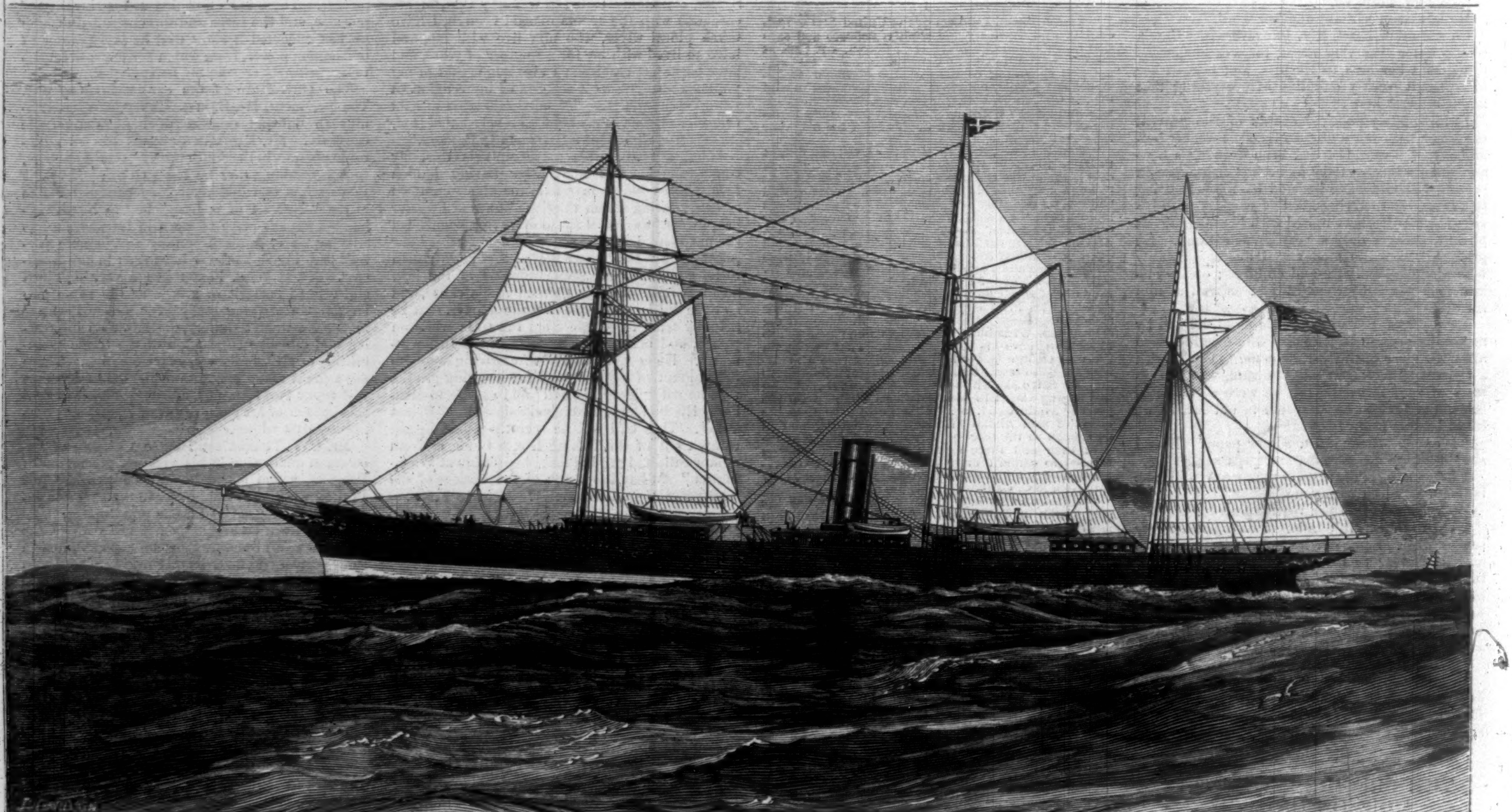
Mr. **Kirk** is a Democrat, and was a prominent member of Tammany Hall, and served upon the Committee on Organization at the time of his arrest, but after that episode he promptly resigned, pending the result of his trial. He was born in Oliver Street, this city, about fifty-four years ago, and became a politician at as early an age as possible. He has been an Assemblyman and a School Trustee, and was once indicted for extorting money from school-teachers, but was never tried. In 1877 he was elected an Alderman at large, and served several terms. He formerly kept a corner liquor store, but gave that up several years ago, being worth over $100,000.

Ex-Alderman **Charles B. Waite** was "brought up" to the business of keeping a hotel, his father, C. C. **Waite**, having been the proprietor of the Brevoort House for many years. Upon the death of his father he inherited a large sum of money, which he is said to have squandered, a large portion of it having been spent to further his political ambitions. He was extremely anxious to become a Fire Commissioner, and one of his unsworn statements is that the inducements which were extended to him for his vote in favor of the Broadway Railroad were pledges to secure for him the coveted commissionership.

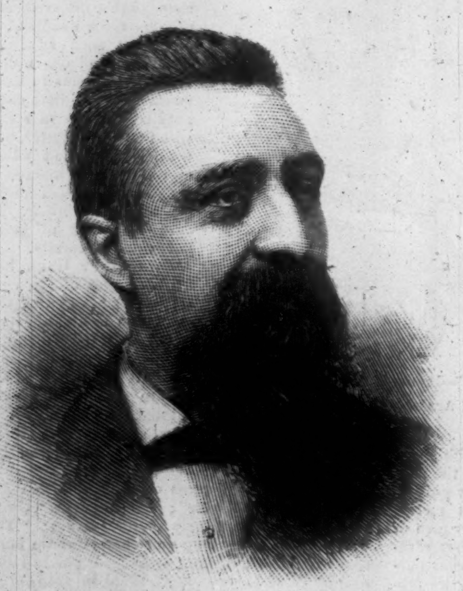
Ludolph A. Fullgraff is a native of Germany, about fifty years of age, and a manufacturer of paper-boxes by occupation. He was elected an Alderman for 1883, and reëlected for 1884.



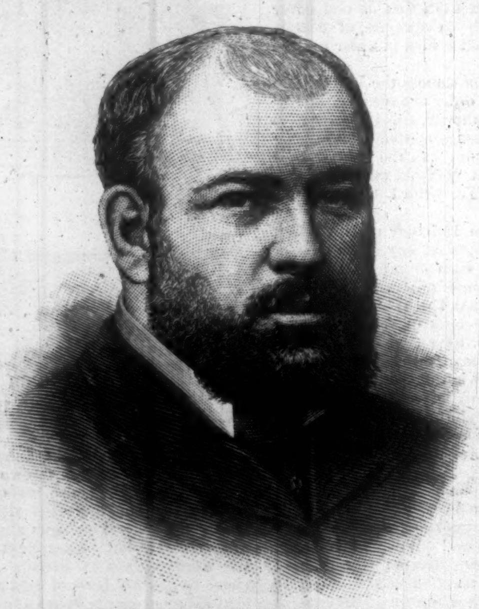
MARTIN IRONS, OF ST. LOUIS, CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR, DISTRICT NO. 101.
Photographed by R. G. Gardner, Kansas City, Missouri.



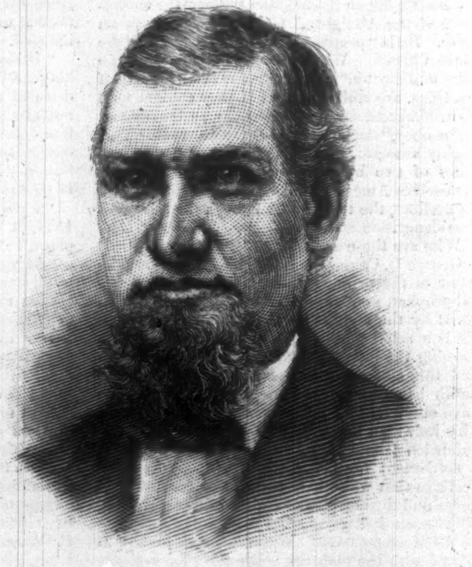
MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S STEAM-YACHT "ALVA."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson from the Architect's Plans.—[See Page 234.]



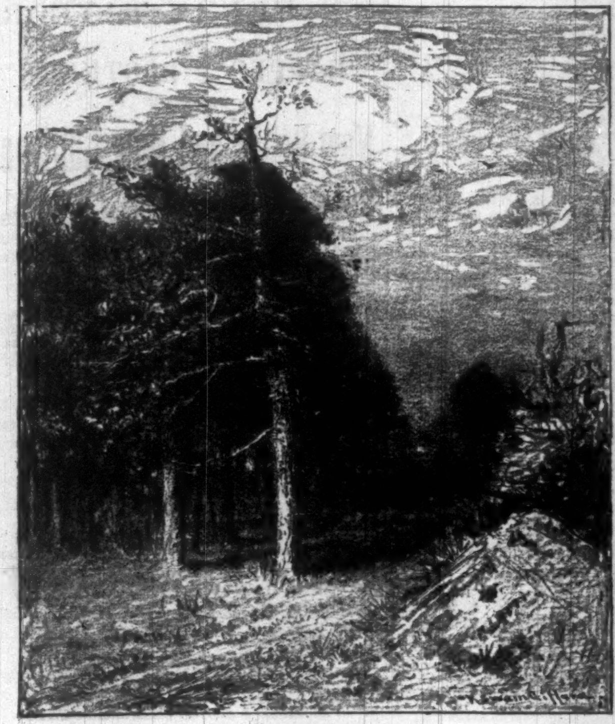
EX-ALDERMAN LUDOLPH A. FULLGRAFF.
Photographed by Sarony.



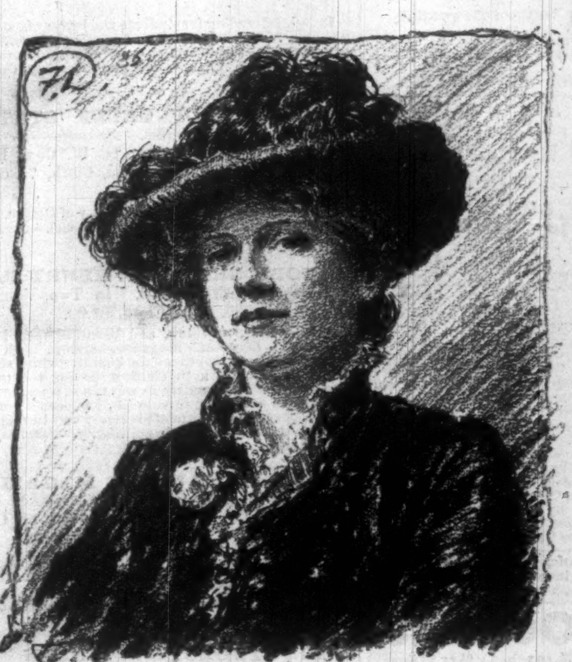
EX-ALDERMAN CHARLES B. WAITE.
Photographed in Paris, 1885.



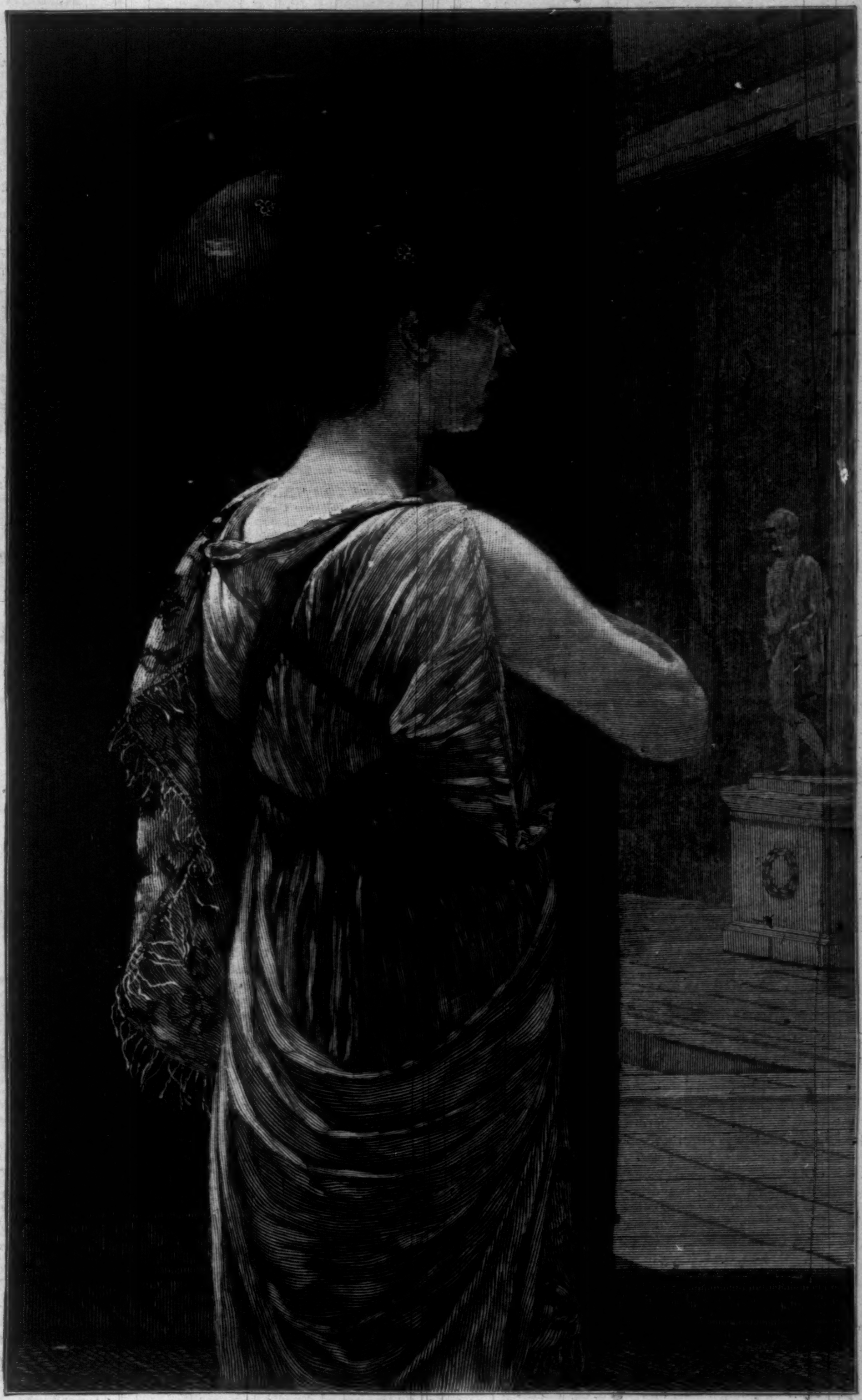
EX-ALDERMAN WILLIAM P. KIRK.



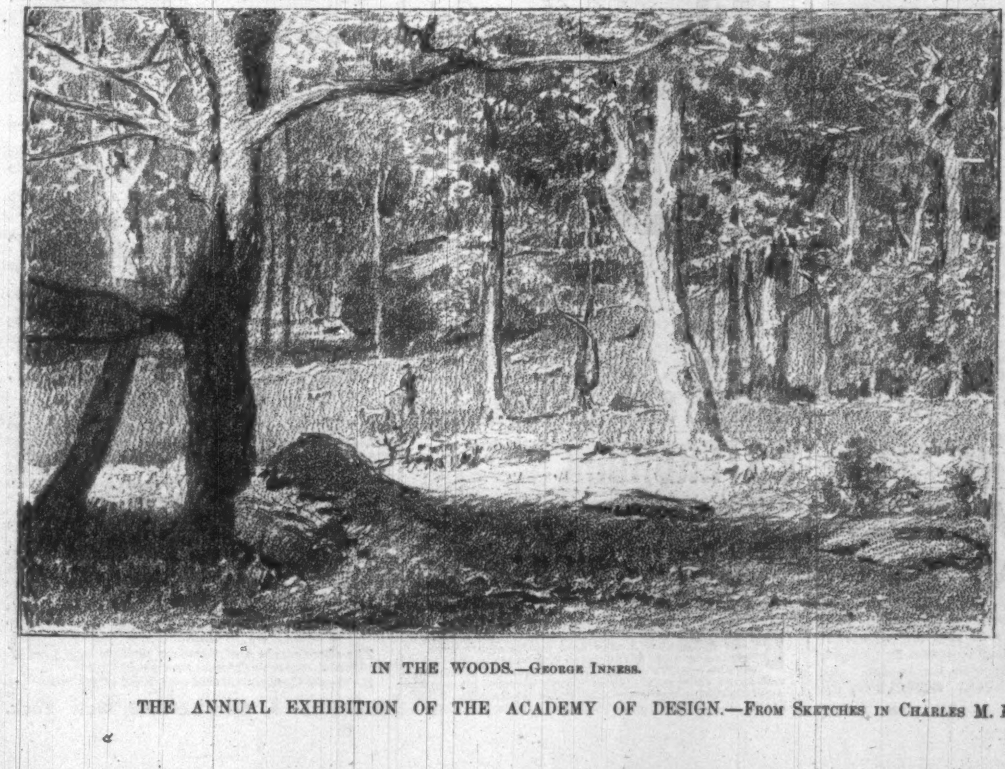
AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND.—R. Swain Gifford.



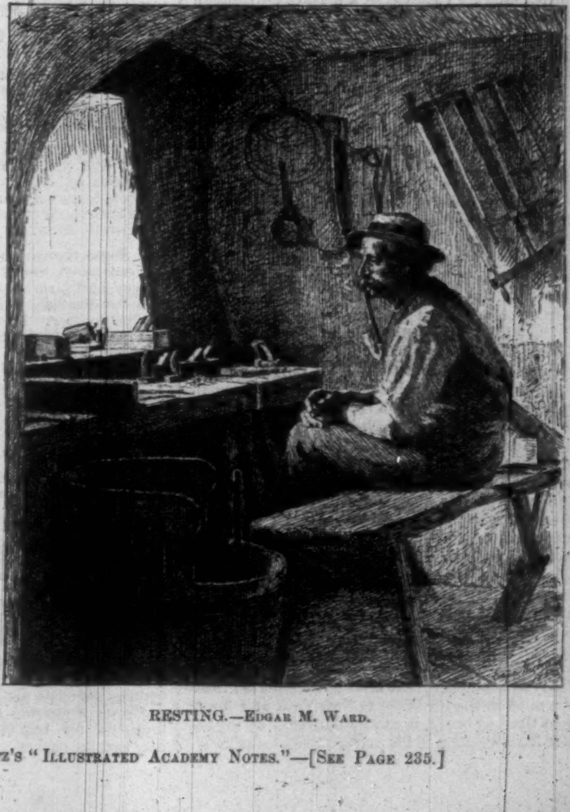
A PORTRAIT.—Frederic Dielman.



A HANDMAID.—F. D. Millet.



IN THE WOODS.—George Inness.



RESTING.—Edgar M. Ward.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—From Sketches in Charles M. Kurtz's "Illustrated Academy Notes."—[See Page 235.]

MAKING BESSEMER RAILS.

Within sight of the battle-field where Braddock was defeated in 1755, near the present city of Pittsburgh, the Messrs. Carnegie have made amends for that repulse of civilization by the great victory of peace which is known in the commercial world as the Edgar Thomson Iron and Steel Works. Here iron ores are made into Bessemer steel rails before they are allowed to cool. The ores from mines in Pennsylvania, in Michigan, in the South, and from abroad are unloaded in heaps, between the walls of which are roads for carts and paths for wheelbarrows, laid out as streets in a city, far below the tops of the little mountains of ore and coke and limestone. Here the proper admixtures of different kinds of ores, and with them of coke and limestone, are made and hoisted to the furnaces. These burn day and night, seven days a week, and to create the blast the power of a long row of enormous engines is required. Though singly they would have that almost inaudible motion of the great Corliss engine, in combination their own motion and the blast they produce make a roar of power more like elemental forces than of machinery of man's devising.

At the Carnegie Works the pig-iron stage of Bessemer steel manufacture is avoided. The molten iron is not allowed to cool, but is conveyed in iron cars directly to the Bessemer "converters." The "converter" is the elliptical vessel, swung high above the floor, in which the iron is converted into Bessemer steel. It swings on axles at either side, and the molten iron is run into it while it is in a horizontal position. Another great blast now does its work, this time of cold air, and as the converter gradually regains its vertical position the blast is started before the metal reaches the bottom of the vessel. With a great roar the flame shoots upward, and the oxygen is absorbed by the silicon and manganese. Then the flame increases in size and brilliancy, and becomes first orange and afterward purple, and when the carbon is removed it subsides. The converter is now tipped over, and the metallic manganese (spiegeleisen is generally used) that is necessary to complete the making of steel is added, and the flame and cinders shoot higher than ever, with great brilliancy and much noise. The space about the converter for a moment is filled with flying flame and sparks that make as brilliant a spectacle as can be conceived. All that now remains to be done is to pour the purified molten mass from the converter into ladles and thence into moulds, where, as soon as it becomes solid, it is Bessemer steel in ingots. It is not allowed to cool, but is loaded by hydraulic derricks on iron cars, and drawn by a locomotive into the rolling mill. There every ingot is placed in a furnace and again heated red-hot. On iron trucks the reheated ingot is conveyed to the blooming train, where it is forced between rollers time and again, every time within a narrower space, until it is considerably elongated. The ponderous machinery moves it on to a solid carriage, where it is cut into pieces, or "blooms," each of proper quantity to make a rail.

The rest of the process is simple, but it is simply Titanic. The next rollers the block of steel reaches elongate it still more, and shape it into a rail. The rail is cut smooth at each end by circular saws as quickly as matches are sawed from blocks of soft wood, the difference being that this saw-dust is red-hot sparks. The rail is straightened by the eye under another steam-hammer, bolt-holes are bored at either end, it is now allowed to cool for the first time since it ceased to be ore, and is ready for the market. The manipulation of the red-hot metal, whether in molten or malleable condition, from the blast-furnaces to the last process, is almost wholly accomplished automatically; at the Edgar Thomson Works the only fuel used is natural gas.

Bessemer steel may contain as much as 0.35 per cent. of phosphorus, and have the ductility and strength required in rails, if there be not more than 0.15 per cent. of carbon. The peculiarity of the Bessemer process is that the carbon, silicon, etc., are removed by a blast of air through the molten metal, no fuel being required; and the revolution it has caused in the manufacture of this grade of steel is due to the rapidity of the process and the great quantity that can be dealt with at once. The heat produced by the blast of cool air through the metal is due mainly by the oxidation of silicon and manganese. The American improvements in the Bessemer process increased its capacity at least fourfold. They were due chiefly to Mr. A. L. Holley, who directed the building of most of the works in our country. The American output of Bessemer steel last year was about one million tons.

The rapidity with which the product of this revolutionizing process has been cheapened is shown by the following scale of prices. Bessemer steel rails cost per ton in 1868, $158; in 1872, $112; in 1876, $59; in 1880, $67; in 1884, $31. It was about 1867 that the complete revolution began that these steel rails caused in the transportation problem of the world, especially in our own country—a revolution that reduced the average rate of freight per ton per mile on the roads in the State of New York from 1.7 cents in 1870 to 0.8 cents at present. The road-beds were improved; heavier loads could be carried; and a revolution was made in the building of cars. Car capacity of 20,000 pounds has been increased to 40,000, and even more. Heavier locomotives were built; greater speed was attained; and, more important than all, railroad managers saw and took advantage of the then undeveloped possibilities of long "through-line" traffic and of traffic on a large scale at small charges. It is thus directly, and especially indirectly, to the Bessemer process that we owe the fairly startling fact that flour is transported from the mills in the far West to New York at a lower cost than, as bread, it can be delivered by the baker from his shop to his patrons two blocks away.

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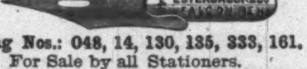

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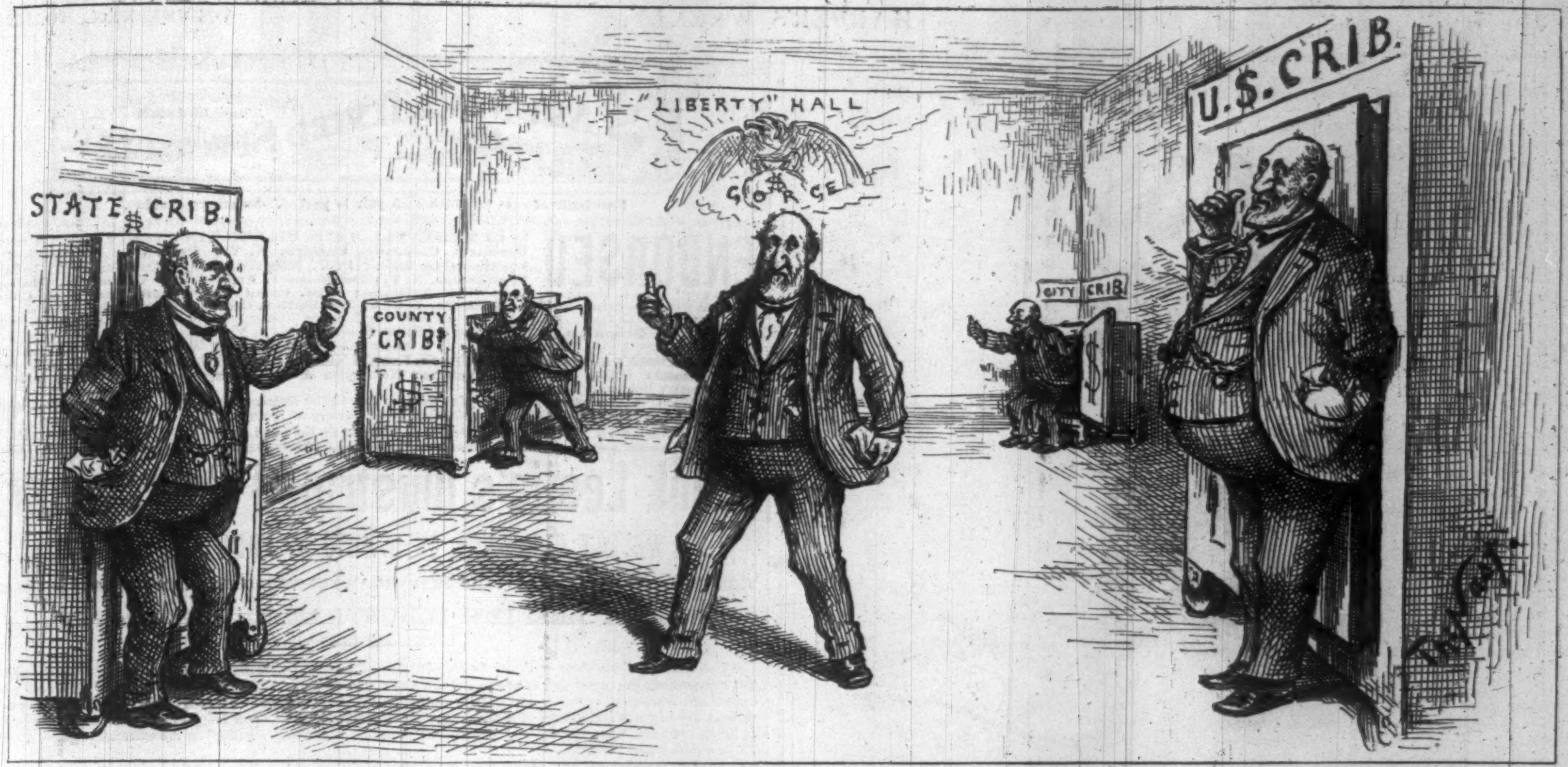

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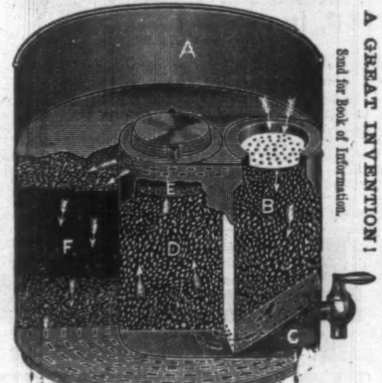

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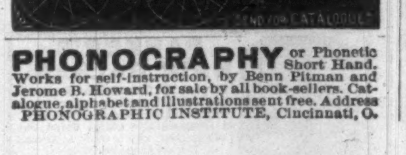

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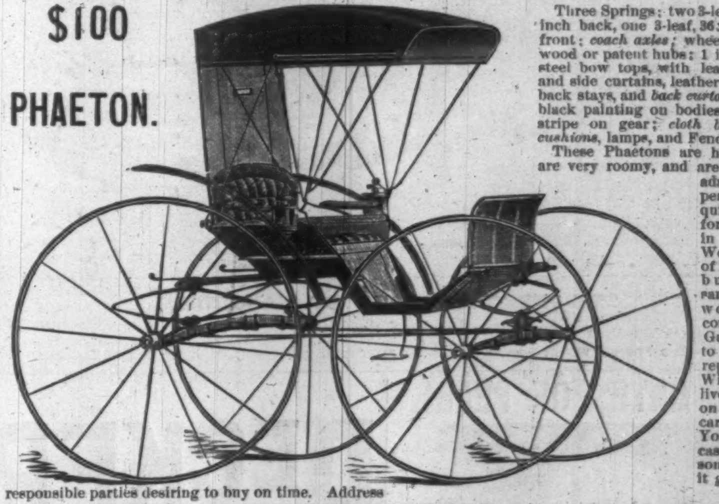

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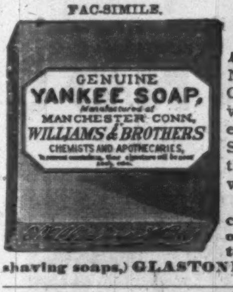

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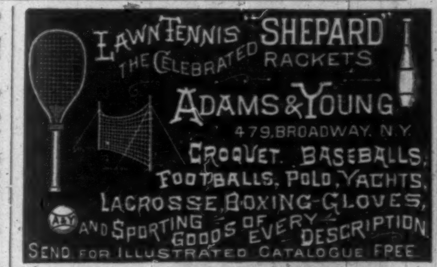

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